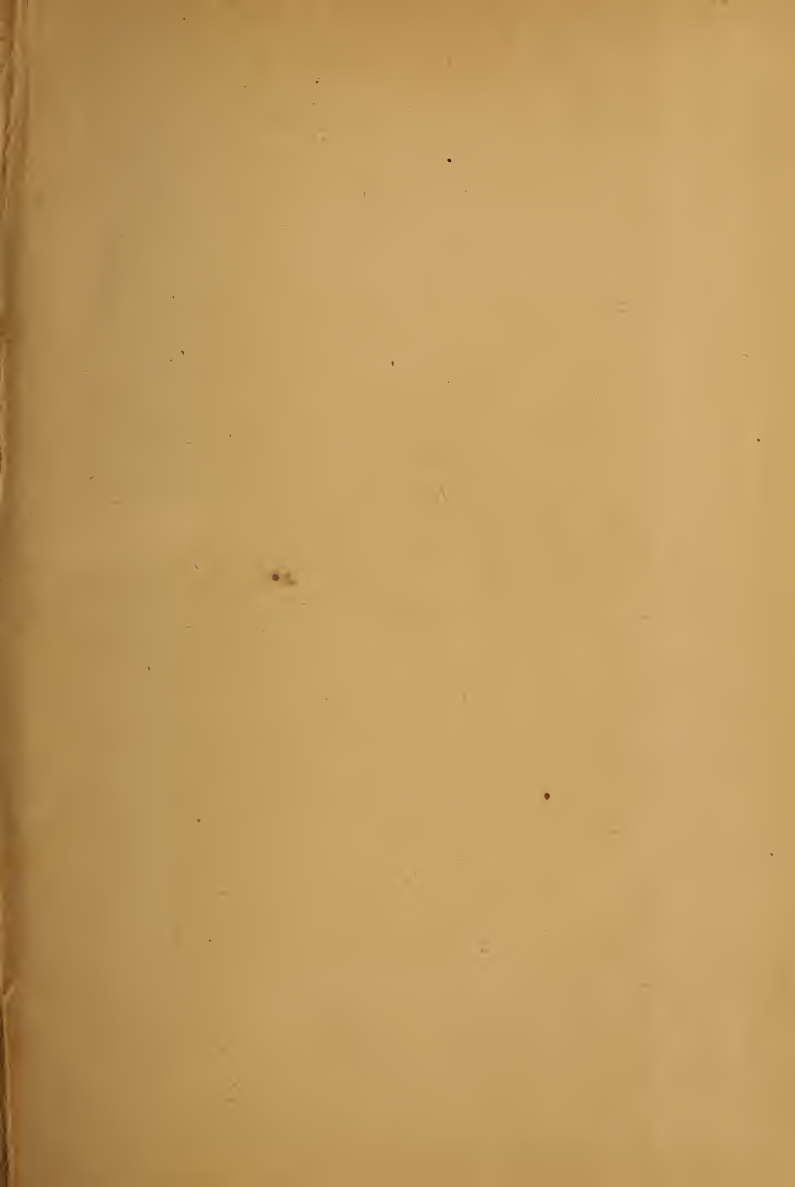


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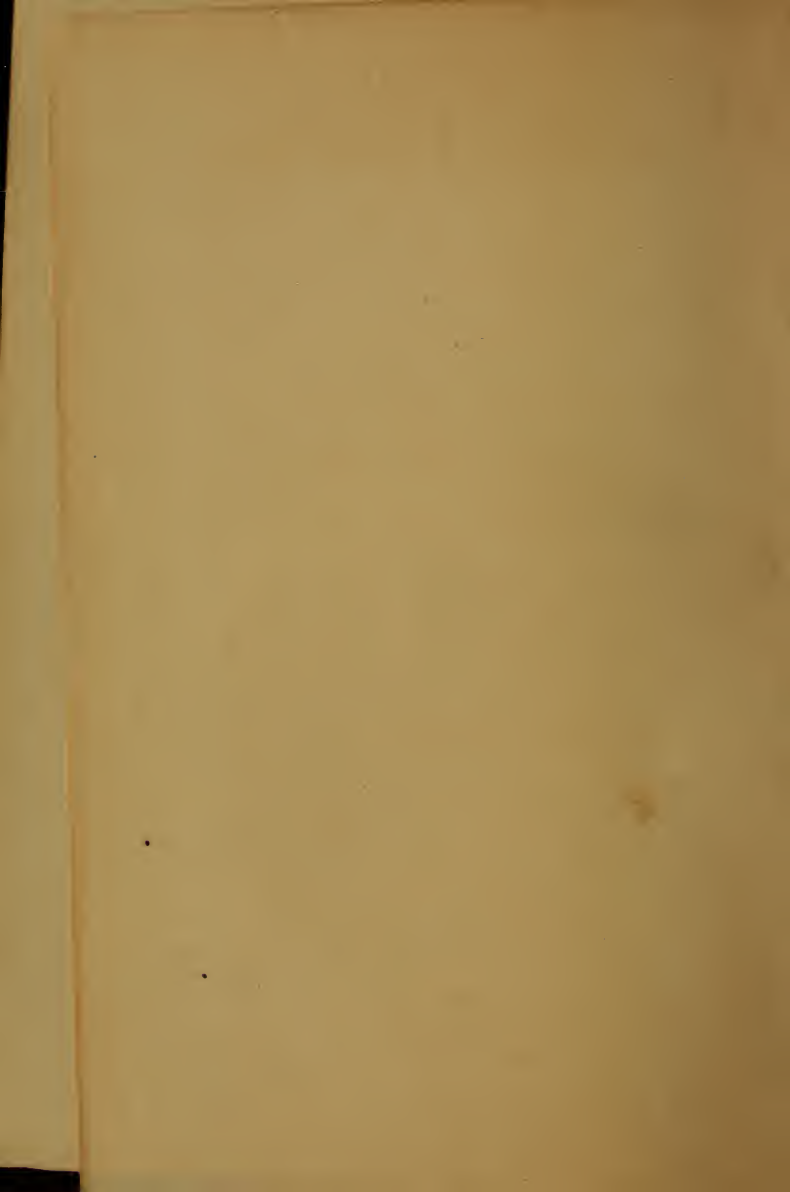
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CLASSIC POEMS,

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

GOLDSMITH, BURNS, ELIOT, INGELOW, SCHILLER,

TENNYSON, CAMPBELL, BYRON, COLERIDGE,

MACAULAY, AYTOUN, POE AND GOETHE.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Deserted Village, - - - - -	1
The Traveller, - - - - -	14

BY ROBERT BURNS.

The Cotter's Saturday Night, - - - - -	29
Tam O'Shanter, - - - - -	36
To a Mouse, - - - - -	44
Address to the Toothache, - - - - -	46
Green Grow the Rashes, O! - - - - -	47
Auld Lang Syne, - - - - -	48
Up in the Morning Early, - - - - -	49
John Anderson, My Jo., - - - - -	50
Highland Mary, - - - - -	50
Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to you, my Lad, - - - - -	52
Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn - - - - -	52
Contented wi' Little, - - - - -	53
Coming through the Rye, - - - - -	54
A Man's a Man for a' That, - - - - -	55

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

How Lisa Loved the King, - - - - -	57
------------------------------------	----

BY JEAN INGELow.

Songs of Seven, - - - - -	79
Divided, - - - - -	89
High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, - - - - -	94

BY SCHILLER.

The Song of the Bell, - - - - -	101
Hero and Leander, - - - - -	115

	PAGE.
BY ALFRED TENNYSON.	
Enoch Arden, - - - - -	125
BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.	
Gertrude of Wyoming, - - - - -	151
BY LORD BYRON.	
Mazeppa, - - - - -	181
BY S. T. COLERIDGE.	
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, - - - - -	205
BY T. B. MACAULAY.	
Virginia, - - - - -	229
Ivry, - - - - -	244
The Armada, - - - - -	248
The Battle of Naseby, - - - - -	252
BY E. W. AYTOUN.	
The Heart of the Bruce, - - - - -	257
The Burial March of Dundee, - - - - -	266
Edinburgh after Flodden, - - - - -	271
The Widow of Glencoe, - - - - -	282
BY EDGAR A. POE.	
The Raven, - - - - -	287
Lenore, - - - - -	294
The Bells, - - - - -	296
Annabel Lee, - - - - -	300
For Annie, - - - - -	302
The City in the Sea, - - - - -	306
Dream Land, - - - - -	308
The Conqueror Worm, - - - - -	310
BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.	
HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.	
1. Kalliope—Fate and Sympathy, - - - - -	313
2. Trepichore—Hermann, - - - - -	323
3. Thalia—The Burghers, - - - - -	335
4. Euterpe—Mother and Son, - - - - -	340
5. Polyhymnia—The Cosmopolite, - - - - -	351
6. Klio—The Age, - - - - -	362
7. Erato—Dorothea. - - - - -	377
8. Melpomene—Hermann and Dorothea, - - - - -	386
9. Urania—Conclusion, - - - - -	391

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms display'd—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could please—
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I bless'd the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired—

The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:

For him light labor spread her wholesome store.
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied;
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green,
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill—
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine !
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try—
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend—
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way—
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled—
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron—forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guest, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side—
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood: at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd—
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage—
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendor of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that click'd behind the door—

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose—
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay—
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure, it sinks; nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway—
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined,
But the long pomp, the midnight masquéade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain—

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay—
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horse, his equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure—all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes—
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail—
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd—

But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band—
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe:
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train—
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd—
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;

Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN! thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day—
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling—
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around—
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake—
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they—
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene;
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last—
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
To new-found words, and wept for others' woe—
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms;
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear—
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

7 O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee;
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe—
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

7 Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move—a melancholy band—
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand;
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there—
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame—
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride—
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so—
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well.
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime.
Aid slighted truth: with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd:
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away—
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE TRAVELER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies
A weary waste expanding to the skies—
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food.

And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies—
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear—
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd,
Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale—
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er—
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still—
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,

Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies,
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot that's to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast; where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home;
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind—
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call:
➤ On Idria's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent—
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content;
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest;

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
(And honor sinks where commerce long prevail)
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone;
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurn the plan that aims at other ends—
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascend,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.
Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground—
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year—
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows;

In florid beauty groves and fields appear—
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue—
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs—not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave—
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love—
A mistress or a saint in every grove:
But sports like these are all their cares beguill'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.

As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, headless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wandering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display—
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the ^Play of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast.
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed— —
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal—
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep,
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze—
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard:
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storm;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast—
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd;
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve and vibrate through the frame:
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes nre,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run—
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way—
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please—
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire,
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew!
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still—
But mock'd all tune and marr'd the dancer's skill—
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,

Here passes current—paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise—
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought—
And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore—
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,

The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear—
E'en liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves;
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old—
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide..
There, all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,

Intent on high designs—a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself a man.

| Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here.
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy:
But foster'd even by freedom ills annoy.
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie:
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone—
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore—
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms—
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame—
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.

Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel—
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil—
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own—
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free—
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law—
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train—
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the dutious son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main—
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim—
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise—
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant-kings or tyrant-laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Zeck's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known—
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.”—GRAY.

My loved, my honor'd, much-respected friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;

With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,

The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways:

What Aiken in a cottage would have been;

Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I
ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;

The short'ning winter-day is near a close;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;

The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,

This night his weekly moil is at an end,

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,

And, weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward
bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi, flichterin' noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
 His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve,¹ the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, among the farmers roun':
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A canny errand to neibor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
 Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:²
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed, fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss³ that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother wi' her needle and her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress' command
 The youngers a' are warned to obey;
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent⁴ hand,
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk⁵ or play:

¹ By and by.

² Inquires.

³ Strange things.

⁴ Diligent.

⁵ Dally.

“ And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!”

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless
 rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappin' youth; he tak's the mother's eye;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate¹ and lathfu',² scarce can weel behave;
 The mother wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the
 lave.³

O happy love!—where love like this is found!—
 O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 “ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,

1 Bashful.

2 Hesitating.

3 Other people.

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
 The soupe¹ their only hawkie² does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan³ snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck,⁴ fell,⁵
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond⁶ auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets⁷ wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

1 Milk.

2 Cow.

3 Porch.

4 Well-saved cheese. 7 Gray temples.

5 Biting.

6 Twelvemonth.

He wales¹ a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beet² the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, 'Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos vanished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand:
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"*
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

* Pope's "Windsor Forest."

“ An honest man’s the noblest work of God; ”
And certes, in fair virtue’s heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling’s pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent
Long may the hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury’s contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe’er crown and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour’d the patriotic tide
That stream’d through Wallace’s undaunted
heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
The patriot’s God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
Oh, never, never, Scotia’s realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

WHEN chapman billies¹ leave the street,
And drouthy² neibors neibors meet,
As market days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;³
While we sit bousing at the nappy,⁴
And gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,⁵
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum.⁶
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder,* wi' the miller

1 Fellows. 2 Thirsty. 3 Road. 4 Ale. 5 A worthless fellow.

6 A talker of nonsense, a boaster, and a drunken fool.

* Any quantity of corn sent to the mill is called a melder.

Thou sat as iang as thou hadst siller;¹
 That every naig² was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean† till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd in Doon!
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! its gars³ me greet
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco⁴ right,
 Fast by an ingle,⁵ bleezing finely;
 Wi' reaming swat,⁶ that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
 They had been fou for weeks thegither!
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And aye the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair⁷ and rustle—
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

1 Money.

2 Horse.

3 Makes.

4 Unusually.

5 Fire.

6 Foaming ale.

7 Roar.

† Jean Kennedy who kept a public-house in Kirkoswald.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud deep and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit¹ on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,

1 Rode with careless speed.

Whiles crooning¹ o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glowering² round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles³ catch him unawares:
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the foord,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;⁴
 And past the birks and meikle stane
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And through the whins, and by the cairn
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;
 The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Through ilka bore⁵ the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst mak us scorn!
 Wi' tipenny,⁶ we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae,⁷ we'll face the devil!—
 The swats sae ream'd⁸ in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and had admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light;

1 Humming.

2 Peering.

3 Spirits.

4 Got smothered.

5 Every hole in the wall.

6 Twopenny ale.

7 Whiskey.

8 Wrought.

And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent-new¹ frae France
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels.
 Put life and metal i' their heels:
 At winnock-bunker,² i' the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke,³ black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge;
 He screw'd the pipes, and gart⁴ them skirl,⁵
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.⁶
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new-cutt'd frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab⁷ did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the left:⁸
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:

¹ Bran-new.

² A kind of window seat.

³ A rough dog.

⁴ Made.

⁵ Scream.

⁶ Vibrate.

⁷ Mouth.

⁸ Handle.

The piper loud and louder blew.
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit.
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,¹
 And coost² her duddies³ to the wark,
 And linket⁴ at it in her sark.⁵

Now Tam! O Tam! had they been queans,⁶
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,⁷
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen! *
 Thir breeks⁸ o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,⁹
 For ae blink¹⁰ o' the bonny burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie¹¹ haps, wad spean¹² a foal,
 Lowpin' and flingin' on a cummock,¹³
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd¹⁴ what was what fu' brawlie,¹⁵
 "There was ae winsome wench and walie,"¹⁶ †
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonny boat,

1 Till each old Beldam
 smoked with sweat.

2 Stript.

3 Clothes.

4 Tripped.

5 Shirt.

6 Young girls.

7 Greasy flannel.

8 These breeches.

9 Hams.

10 Look.

11 Gallows-worthy.

12 Wean.

13 Jumping and capering on a staff.

14 Knew.

15 Full well.

16 A hearty girl and jolly.

* The manufacturers' term for a fine linen woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.—CROMEK.

† Allan Ramsay.

And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear.)
 Her cutty sark,¹ o' Paisley harn,
 That, while a lassie, she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.²

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft³ for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,⁴
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,⁵
 (A souple jade she was, and strang,)
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glower'd, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main
 Till first ae caper, syn⁶ eanither,
 Tam tint' his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant a' was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied;
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,⁸
 When plundering herds assail their byke,⁹
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

¹ Short shirt.² Proud of it.³ Bought.⁴ Lower.⁵ Jumped and kicked.⁶ Then.⁷ Lost.⁸ Fuss.⁹ Hive.

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch¹ screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!²
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross;
But ere the keystone she could make,
The fient³ a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;⁴
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The Carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys owre dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

1 Unearthly. 2 Deserts. 3 Ne'er. 4 Design.

* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveler that, when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—B.

TO A MOUSE.

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!¹
 I wad be latih to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!²

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles,³ but thou mayst thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave*
 'S a sma request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are stewin'!
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green!
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell⁴ and keen!

¹ Hurrying run.
³ Sometimes.

² Pattle or pettle, the plough spade
⁴ Sharp.

* An ear of corn in a thrave—that is, twenty-four sheaves.

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie¹ here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
'Till, crash! the cruel coultter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee many a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hauld,
To thole² the winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch³ could!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

1 Comfortable.

2 Endure.

3 Hoar-frost.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY
THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums along;
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics knaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But tae—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets kickle,¹
To see me loup ;²
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle*
Were in their doup.

Of a' the numerous human dools,³
Ill hairsts,⁴ daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,⁵
Sad sight to see !

1 The mirthful children laugh.

2 Jump.

4 Harvests.

3 Troubles.

5 Grave-earth.

* Flax used to be cleaned and straightened by drawing it many times through a mass of sharp steel spikes fixed in a bench, points uppermost. This was called a heckle.

The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland weal
A towmond's toothache!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O'

GREEN grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'y race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny¹ hour at een,
 My arms about my dearie, O,
 And warl'ly cares, and warl'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie,² O.

For you sae douce,³ ye sneer at this.
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

1 Happy, lucky—quiet. 2 Topsy-turvy. 3 Grave.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine:
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,¹
 And gies a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught²
 For auld lung syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

The chorus of this song is old; but the two stanzas are Burns's

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering³ in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

1 Friend.

2 Draught.

3 Shivering.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo,¹ John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent.²
 But now your brow is held, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,⁵
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty¹ day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green bey our woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!⁵
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

1 Love—dear.

2 Smooth.

5 Muddy.

3 Head.

4 Happy.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!

How rich the hawthorn's blossom!

As underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me, as light and life,

Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender;

And, pledging aft to meet again,

We tore oursels asunder;

But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,

That nipt my flowers sae early!--

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,

That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,

I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance

That dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust

That heart that lo'ed me dearly--

But still within my bosom's core

Shall live my Highland Mary!

OH, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU,
MY LAD.

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent¹ when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back yett² be a-jee;
Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly³ my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT
BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTS, whae hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;

1 Carefully heed.

2 Gate.

3 Disparage.

See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave!
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for SCOTLAND's king and law,
FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw;—
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie¹ wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather² wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp,³ as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats,⁴ and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and guid humor are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

1 Happy.
2 Meet.

3 Whack.
4 Flagon of ale.

A towmond¹ o' trouble, shoud that be my fa'
 A night o' guid fellow-ship sowthers² it a':
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte³ on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
 Come ease or come travail; come pleasure or pain;
 My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet⁴ a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

O Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin⁵ a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye;
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen;
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the warld ken?

¹ Twelvemonth.
⁴ Soiled.

² Solders.

³ Stagger and stumble.
⁵ If.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie,* ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof¹ for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna² fa' that!

* Literally the phrase means a mettlesome fellow: here it must be rendered a proud and affected fellow.

1 Fool. 2 "He maunna fa' that" = he must not try that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

Six hundred years ago, in Dante's time,
Before his cheek was furrowed by deep rhyme—
When Europe, fed afresh from Eastern story,
Was like a garden tangled with the glory
Of flowers hand-planted and of flowers air-sown,
Climbing and trailing, budding and full-blown,
Where purple bells are tossed amid pink stars,
And springing blades, green troops in innocent wars,
Crowd every shady spot of teeming earth,
Making invisible motion visible birth—
Six hundred years ago, Palermo town
Kept holiday. A deed of great renown,
A high revenge, had freed it from the yoke
Of hated Frenchmen, and from Calpe's rock
To where the Bosphorus caught the earlier sun,
'Twas told that Pedro, King of Aragon,
Was welcomed master of all Sicily,
A royal knight, supreme as kings should be
In strength and gentleness that make high chivalry.

Spain was the favorite home of knightly grace,
Where generous men rode steeds of generous race;
Both Spanish, yet half Arab, both inspired
By mutual spirit, that each motion fired

With beautiful response, like minstrelsy
Afresh fulfilling fresh expectancy.
So when Palermo made high festival;
The joy of matrons and of maiden's all
Was the mock terror of the tournament,
Where safety, with the glimpse of danger blent,
Took exaltation as from epic song,
Which greatly tells the pains that to great life belong.
And in all eyes King Pedro was the king
Of cavaliers: as in a full-gemmed ring
The largest ruby, or as that bright star
Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are.
His the best jennet, and he sat it best;
His weapon, whether tilting or in rest,
Was worthiest watching, and his face once seen
Gave to the promise of his royal mien
Such rich fulfillment as the opened eyes
Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise
Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and meadow flies.

But of the maiden forms that thick enwreathed
The broad piazza and sweet witchery breathed,
With innocent faces budding all arow
From balconies and windows high and low,
Who was it felt the deep mysterious glow,
The impregnation with supernal fire
Of young ideal love—transformed desire,
Whose passion is but worship of that Best
Taught by the many-mingled creed of each young
breast?

'Twas gentle Lisa, of no noble line,
Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,
Who from his merchant-city hither came
To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame,

And had the virtue not to try and sell
Drugs that had none. He loved his riches well,
But loved them chiefly for his Lisa's sake,
Whom with a father's care he sought to make
The bride of some true honorable man:—
Of Perdicone (so rumor ran),
Whose birth was higher than his fortunes were;
For still your trader likes a mixture fair
Of blood that hurries to some higher strain
Than reckoning money's loss or money's gain.
And of such mixture good may surely come:
Lords' scions so may learn to cast a sum,
A trader's grandson bear a well-set head,
And have less conscious manners, better bred;
Nor, when he tries to be polite, to be rude instead.

'Twas Perdicone's friends made overtures
To good Bernardo; so one dame assures
Her neighbor dame who notices the youth
Fixing his eyes on Lisa; and in truth
Eyes that could see her on this summer day
Might find it hard to turn another way.
She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;
Rather, like minor cadences that glad
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs;
And oft the trumpet or the joust would rouse
Pulses that gave her cheek a finer glow,
Parting her lips that seemed a mimic bow
By chiselling Love for play in coral wrought,
Then quickened by him with the passionate thought,
The soul that trembled in the lustrous night
Of slow long eyes. Her body was so slight,
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,
And with the angelic choir made symphony;

But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark
Of kinship to her generous mother earth,
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm-trees birth
She saw not Perdicone; her young mind
Dreamed not that any man had ever pined
For such a little simple maid as she:
She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be
To love some hero, noble, beauteous, great,
Who would live stories worthy to narrate,
Like Roland, or the warriors of Troy,
The Cid, or Amadis, or that fair boy
Who conquered everything beneath the sun,
And somehow, some time, died at Babylon
Fighting the Moors. For heroes all were good
And fair as that archangel who withstood
The Evil One, the author of all wrong—
That Evil One who made the French so strong;
And now the flower of heroes must be he
Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,
So that her maids might walk to vespers tranquilly.

Young Lisa saw this hero in the king,
And as wood-lilies that sweet odors bring
Might dream the light that opes the modest eyne
Was lily-odored,—and as rites divine,
Round turf-laid altars, or 'neath roofs of stone,
Draw sanctity from out the heart alone
That loves and worships, so the miniature
Perplexed of her soul's world, all virgin pure,
Filled with heroic virtues that bright form,
Raona's royalty, the finished norm
Of horsemanship—the half of chivalry:
For how could generous men avengers be,

Save as God's messengers on coursers fleet?—
These scouring earth, made Spain with Syria meet
In one self world where the same right had sway,
And good must grow as grew the blessed day.
No more; great Love his essence had endured
With Pedro's form, and entering subdued
The soul of Lisa, fervid and intense,
Proud in its choice of proud obedience
To hardship glorified by perfect reverence.

Sweet Lisa homeward carried that dire guest,
And in her chamber through the hours of rest
The darkness was alight for her with sheen
Of arms, and plumèd helm, and bright between
Their commonor gloss, like the pure living spring
'Twixt porphyry lips, or living bird's bright wing
'Twixt golden wires, the glances of the king
Flashed on her soul, and waked vibrations there
Of known delights love-mixed to new and rare:
The impalpable dream was turning to breathing flesh,
Chill thought of summer to the warm close mesh
Of sunbeams held between the citron-leaves.
Clothing her life of life. Oh, she believes
That she could be content if he but knew
(Her poor small self could claim no other due)
How Lisa's lowly love had highest reach
Of wingèd passion, whereto wingèd speech
Would be scorched remnants left by mounting flame.
Though, had she such lame message, were it blame
To tell what greatness dwelt in her, what rank
She held in loving? Modest maidens shrank
From telling love that fed on selfish hope;
But love as hopeless as the shattering song
Wailed for love beings who had joined the throng

Of mighty dead ones. . . Nay, but she was weak—
Knew only prayers and ballads—could not speak
With eloquence save what dumb creatures have,
That with small cries and touches small booms crave.

She watched all day that she might see him pass
With knights and ladies; but she said, "Alas!
Though he should see me, it were all as one
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone
Of wall or balcony: some colored spot
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.
I have no music-touch that could bring nigh
My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die,
And he will never know who Lisa was—
The trader's child, whose soaring spirit rose
As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose.

"For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen
A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green
Gold-bordered like Costanza, I should need
No change within to make me queenly there;
For they the royal-hearted women are
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.
My love is such, it cannot choose but soar
Up to the highest: yet for evermore,
Though I were happy, throned beside the king,
I should be tender to each little thing
With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to tell
Its inward pang, and I would soothe it well
With tender touch and with a low soft moan
For company: my dumb love-pang is lone,
Prisoned as topaz-beam within a rough-garbed stone."

So, inward-wailing, Lisa passed her days.
Each night the August moon with changing phase
Looked broader, harder on her unchanged pain;
Each noon the heat lay heavier again
On her despair; until her body frail
Shrank like the snow that watchers in the vale
See narrowed on the height each summer morn;
While her dark glance burnt larger, more forlorn,
As if the soul within her all on fire
Made of her being one swift funeral pyre
Father and mother saw with sad dismay
The meaning of their riches melt away:
For without Lisa what would sequins buy?
What wish were left if Lisa were to die?
Through her they cared for summers still to come,
Else they would be as ghosts without a home
In any flesh that could feel glad desire.
They pay the best physicians, never tire
Of seeking what will soothe her, promising
That aught she longed for, though it were a thing
Hard to be come at as the Indian snow,
Or roses that on Alpine summits blow—
It should be hers. She answers with low voice,
She longs for death alone—death is her choice:
Death is the King who never did think scorn,
But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.

Yet one day, as they bent above her bed
And watched her in brief sleep, her drooping head
Turned gently, as the thirsty flowers that feel
Some moist revival through their petals steal,
And little flutterings of her lids and lips
Told of such dreamy joy as sometimes dips
A skyey shadow in the mind's poor pool.

She oped her eyes, and turned their dark gems full
Upon her father, as in utterance dumb
Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.
“What is it, Lisa?” “Father, I would see
Minuccio, the great singer; bring him me.”
For always, night and day, her unstilled thought,
Wandering all o’er its little world, had sought
How she could reach, by some soft pleading touch
King Pedro’s soul, that she who loved so much
Dying, might have a place within his mind—
A little grave which he would sometimes find
And plant some flower on it—some thought, some
memory kind.

Till in her dream she saw Minuccio
Touching his viola, and chanting low
A strain that, falling on her brokenly,
Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree,
Each burthened with a word that was a scent—
Raona, Lisa, love, death, tournament;
Then in her dream she said, “He sings of me—
Might be my messenger; a’, now I see
The king is listening——” Then she awoke,
And, missing her dear dream, that new-born longing
spoke.

She longed for music: that was natural;
Physicians said it was medicinal;
The humors might be schooled by true consent
Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;
In brief, good music, mixed with doctor’s stuff
Apollo with Asklepios—enough!
Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.
(He was a singer of most gentle fame—
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate

That he was famous, but that song was great—
Would sing as finely to this suffering child
As at the court where princes on him smiled.)
Gently he entered and sat down by her,
Asking what sort of strain she would prefer—
The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;
Then, when she chose the last, he preluded
With magic hand, that summoned from the strings
Aerial spirits, rare yet vibrant wings
That fanned the pulses of his listener,
And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.
Her cheek already showed a slow faint blush,
But soon the voice, in pure full liquid rush,
Made all the passion, that till now she felt,
Seem but cool waters that in warmer melt.
Finished the song, she prayed to be alone
With kind Minuccio; for her faith had grown
To trust him as if missioned like a priest
With some high grace, that when his singing ceased
Still made him wiser, more magnanimous
Than common men who had no genius.

So laying her small hand within his palm,
She told him how that secret glo ious harm
Of loftiest loving had befallen her;
That death, her only hope, most bitter were,
If when she died her love must perish too
As songs unsung and thoughts unspoken do,
Which else might live within another breast.
She said, “ Minuccio, the grave were rest,
If I were sure, that lying cold and lone,
My love, my best of life, had safely flown
And nestled in the bosom of the king;
See, 'tis a small weak bird, with unfledged wings.

But you will carry it for me secretly,
And bear it to the king, then come to me
And tell me it is safe, and I shall go
Content, knowing that he I love my love doth know."
Then she wept silently, but each large tear
Made pleading music to the inward ear
Of good Minuccio. "Lisa, trust in me,"
He said, and kissed her fingers loyally;
"It is sweet law to me to do your will,
And ere the sun his round shall trice fulfil,
I hope to bring you news of such rare skill
As amulets have, that aches in trusting bosoms still."
He needed not to pause and first devise
How he should tell the king; for in nowise
Were such love-message worthily bested
Save in fine verse by music rendered.
He sought a poet-friend, a Siennese,
And "Mico, mine," he said, "full oft to please
Thy whim of sadness I have sung thee strains
To make thee weep in verse: now pay my pains,
And write me a canzòn divinely sad,
Sinlessly passionate and meekly mad
With young despair, speaking a maiden's heart
Of fifteen summers, who would fain depart
From ripening life's new-urgent mystery—
Love-choice of one too high her love to be—
But cannot yield her breath till she has poured
Her strength away in this hot-bleeding word
Telling the secret of her soul to her soul's lord."

Said Mico, "Nay, that thought is poesy,
I need but listen as it sings to me.
Come thou again to-morrow." The third day,
When linked notes had perfected the lay,

Municcio had his summons to the court
 To make, as he was wont, the moments short
 Of ceremonious dinner to the king.
 This was the time when he had meant to bring
 Melodious message of young Lisa's love:
 He waited till the air had ceased to move
 To ringing silver, till Falernian wine
 Made quickened sense with quietude combine,
 And then with passionate descant made each ear incline.

*Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's breath,
 Roaming a garden in a joyous error,
 Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,
 Till of thy countenance the alluring terror
 In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,
 From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.*

*O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,
 Taking this little isle to thy great sway
 See now, it is the honor of thy throne
 That what thou gavest perish not away,
 Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone
 By life that will be for the brief life gone:
 Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be thrown
 Since every king is vassal unto thee,
 My heart's lord needs must listen loyally—
 O tell him I am waiting for my Death!*

*Tell him, for that he hath such royal power
 'Twere hard for him to think how small a thing,
 How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower
 For one like me, the bride of that pale king
 Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.
 Go to my lord, and to his memory bring
 That happy birthday of my sorrowing*

*When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,
Entering the bannered lists: 'twas, then I had
The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.*

*Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
No more than any little knot of thyme
That he with careless foot may often tread;
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
And cleave to things most high and hallowed,
As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,
My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb
Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,
More blissful than if mine, in being his:
So shall I live in him and rest in Death.*

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,
And yet a rounded perfect melody,
Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes
Of little child at little miseries.
Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,
Like Rising light that broad and broader grows,
It filled the hall, and so possessed the air
That not one breathing soul was present there,
Though dullest, slowest, but was quivering
In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.
But most such sweet compulsion took the mood
Of Pedro (tired of doing what he would).
Whether the words which that strange meaning bore,
Were but the poet's feigning or aught more,
Was bounden question, since their aim must be
At some imagined or true royalty.
He called Minuccio and bade him tell
What poet of the day had writ so well;
For though they came behind all former rhymes,

The verses were not bad for these poor times.
“Monsignor, they are only three days old,”
Minuccio said; “but it must not be told
How this song grew; save to your royal ear.”
Eager, the king withdrew where none was near,
And gave close audience to Minuccio,
Who meetly told that love-tale meet to know.
The king had features pliant to confess
The presence of a manly tenderness—
Son, father, brother, lover, blent in one,
In fine harmonic exaltation—
The spirit of religious chivalry.
He listened, and Minuccio could see
The tender generous admiration spread
O’er all his face, and glorify his head
With royalty that would have kept its rank
Though his brocaded robes to tatters shrank.
He answered without pause, “So sweet a maid,
In nature’s own insignia arrayed,
Though she were come of unmixed trading blood
That sold and bartered ever since the Flood,
Would have the self-contained and single worth
Of radiant jewels born in darksome earth.
Raona were a shame to Sicily,
Letting such love and tears unhonored be:
Hasten, Minuccio, tell her that the king
To-day will surely visit her when vespers ring.”

Joyful, Minuccio bore the joyous word,
And told at full, while none but Lisa heard,
How each thing had befallen sang the song
And like a patient nurse who would prolong
All means of soothing, dwelt upon each tone,
Each look, with which the mighty Aragon

Marked the high worth his royal heart assigned
To that dear place he held in Lisa's mind.
She listened till the draughts of pure content
Through all her limbs like some new being went—
Life, not recovered, but untried before,
From out the growing world's unmeasured store
Of fuller, better, more divinely mixed,
'Twas glad reverse: she had so firmly fixed
To die, already seemed to fall a veil
Shrouding the inner glow from light of senses pale.

Her parents wondering see her half arise—
Wondering, rejoicing, see her long dark eyes
Brimful with clearness, not of 'scaping tears,
But of some light ethereal that enspheres
Their orbs with calm, some vision newly learnt
Where strangest fires erewhile had blindly burnt.
She asked to have her soft white robe and band
And coral ornaments, and with her hand
She gave her locks' dark length a backward fall,
Then looked intently in a mirror small,
And feared her face might perhaps displease the king;
"In truth," she said, "I am a tiny thing;
I was too bold to tell what could such visit bring."
Meanwhile the king, revolving in his thought
That virgin passion, was more deeply wrought
To chivalrous pity; and at vesper bell,
With careless mien which hid his purpose well,
Went forth on horseback, and as if by chance
Passing Bernardo's house, he paused to glance
At the fine garden of this wealthy man,
This Tuscan trader turned Palermitan;
But, presently dismounting, chose to walk
Amid the trellises, in gracious talk

With this same trader, deigning even to ask
If he had yet fulfilled the father's task
Of marrying that daughter whose young charms
Himself, betwixt the passages of arms,
Noted admiringly. "Monsignor, no,
She is not married; that were little woe,
Since she has counted barely fifteen years;
But all such hopes of late have turned to fears;
She droops and fades; though for a space quite brief—
Scarce three hours past—she finds some strange relief.'
The king avised: "'Twere dole to all of us,
The world should lose a maid so beauteous;
Let me now see her; since I am her liege lord,
Her spirits must wage war with death at my strong
word."

In such half-serious playfulness, he wends,
With Lisa's father and two chosen friends,
Up to the chamber where she pillowed sits
Watching the open door, that now admits
A presence as much better than her dreams,
As happiness than any longing seems.
The king advanced, and with a reverent kiss
Upon her hand, said, "Lady, what is this?
You, whose sweet youth should others' solace be,
Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.
We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,
Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared
To us who know your passing worthiness,
And count your blooming life as part of our life's bliss."
Those words, that touch upon her hand from him
Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim
Worship the distant glory, brought some shame
Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame

With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,
In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise
That bliss could be so blissful: then she spoke—
“Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,
The golden yoke of thoughts too great for me
That was the ground of my infirmity.
But now, I pray your grace to have belief
That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause grief.”

The king alone perceived the covert sense
Of all her words, which made one evidence
With her pure voice and candid loveliness
That he had lost much honor, honoring less
That message of her passionate distress.
He stayed beside her for a little while
With gentle looks and speech, until a smile
As placid as a ray of early morn
On opening flower-cups o’er her lips was borne.
When he had left her, and the tidings spread
Through all the town how he had visited
The Tuscan trader’s daughter, who was sick,
Men said it was a royal deed and Catholic.

And Lisa? she no longer wished for death;
But as a poet, whose sweet voices saith
Within his soul, and joys in music there,
Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear
Disturbing pleasures so was she content,
Breathing the life of grateful sentiment,
She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest;
For treasure must be valued by the test
Of highest excellence and rarity,
And her dear joy was best as best could be;
There seemed no other crown to her delight

Now the high loved one saw her love aright.
Thus her soul thriving on that exquisite mood,
Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good
O'er the soft bloom of neck, and arms, and cheek,
And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,
Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird
With sweetly rippling throat, she made her spring joys
heard.

The king, when he the happy change had seen,
Trusted the ear of Constance, his fair queen,
With Lisa's innocent secret, and conferred
How they should jointly, by their deed and word,
Honor this maiden's love, which like the prayer,
Of loyal hermits, never thought to share
In what it gave. The queen had that chief grace
Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace
All goodness in another woman's form;
And that day, ere the sun lay too warm,
On southern terraces a messenger
Informed Bernardo that the royal pair
Would straightway visit him and celebrate
Their gladness at his daughter's happier state,
Which they were fain to see. Soon came the king
On horseback, with his barons heralding
The advent of the queen in courtly state;
And all, descending at the garden gate,
Streamed with their feathers, velvet, and brocade,
Through the bleached alleys, till they, pausing, made
A lake of splendor 'mid the aloes gray—
When, meekly facing all their proud array,
The white-robed Lisa with her parents stood,
As some white dove before the gorgeous brood
Of dapple-breasted birds born by the Colchian flood.

The king and queen, by gracious looks and speech,
Encourage her, and thus their courtiers teach
How this fair morning they may courtliest be
By making Lisa pass it happily.
And soon the ladies and the barons all
Draw her by turns, as at a festival
Made for her sake, to easy gay discourse,
And compliment with looks and smiles enforce;
A joyous hum is heard the gardens round;
Soon there is Spanish dancing and the sound
Of minstrel's song, and autumn fruits are pluckt;
Till mindfully the king and queen conduct
Lisa apart to where a trellised shade
Made pleasant resting. Then King Pedro said—
“Excellent maiden that rich gift of love
Your heart hath made us, hath a worth above
All royal treasures, nor is fitly met
Save when the grateful memory of deep debt
Lies still behind the outward honors done
And as a sign that no oblivion
Shall overflow that faithful memory,
We while we live your cavalier will be,
Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,
Whether for struggle dire or brief delight
Of warlike feigning, but first will take
The colors you ordain, and for your sake
Charge the more bravely where your emblem is;
Nor will we ever claim an added bliss
To our sweet thoughts of you save one sole kiss.
But there still rests the outward honor meet
To mark your worthiness, and we entreat
That you will turn your ear to proffered vows
Of one who loves you, and would be your spouse.
We must not wrong yourself and Sicily

By letting all your blooming years pass by
Unmated: you will give the world its due
From beauteous maiden and become a matron true."

Then Lisa, wrapt in virgin wonderment
At her ambitious love's complete content,
Which left no further good for her to seek
Than love's obedience, said with accent meek—
"Monsignor, I know well that were it known
To all the world how high my love had flown,
There would be few who would not deem me mad,
Or say my mind the falsest image had
Of my condition and your lofty place.
But heaven has seen that for no moment's space
Have I forgotten you to be the king,
Or me myself to be a lowly thing—
A little lark, enamored of the sky,
That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.
But, as you better know than I, the heart
In choosing chooseth not its own desert,
But that great merit which attracteth it;
'Tis law, I struggled, but I must submit,
And having seen a worth all worth above,
I loved you, love you, and shall always love.
But that doth mean, my will is ever yours,
Not only when your will my good insures,
But if it wrought me what the world calls harm—
Fire, wounds, would wear from your dear will a charm.
That you will be my knight is full content,
And for that kiss—I pray, first for the queen's consent."

Her answer, given with such firm gentleness,
Pleased the queen well, and made her hold no less
Of Lisa's merit than the king had held.

And so, all cloudy threats of grief dispelled,
There was betrothal made that very morn
'Twixt Perdicone, youthful, brave, well-born,
And Lisa, whom he loved; she loving well
The lot that from obedience befell.
The queen a rare betrothal ring on each
Bestowed, and other gems, with gracious speech.
And that no joy might lack, the king, who knew
The youth was poor, gave him rich Ceffalù
And Cataletta, large and fruitful lands—
Adding much promise when he joined their hands.
At last he said to Lisa, with an air
Gallant yet noble: "Now we claim our share
From your sweet love, a share which is not small;
For in the sacrament one crumb is all."
Then taking her small face his hands between,
He kissed her on the brow with kiss serene,
Fit seal to that pure vision her young soul had seen.

Sicilians witnessed that King Pedro kept
His royal promise: Perdicone stept
To many honors honorably won,
Living with Lisa in true union.
Throughout his life the king still took delight
To call himself fair Lisa's faithful knight;
And never wore in field or tournament
A scarf or emblem save by Lisa sent.

Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land:
They joyed that one so worthy to command,
So chivalrous and gentle, had become
The king of Sicily, and filled the room
Of Frenchmen, who abused the Church's trust,
Till, in a righteous vengeance on their lust,
Messina rose, with God, and with the dagger's thrust.

L'ENVOI.

*Reader, this story pleased me long ago
In the bright pages of Boccaccio,
And where the author of a good we know,
Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we owe.*

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE. EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo pint, tell me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO. ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be.
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;

She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
“The child is a woman, the book may close over.
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE. LOVE.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
“Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
“Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

“The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters grow.

Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

“You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

“Too deep for swift telling; and yet my one lover
I’ve conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.”
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white
clover,

Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took
flight;

But I’ll love him more, more
Than e’er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. MATERNITY.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here’s two bonny boys, and here’s mother’s own lasses,
Eager to gather them all

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,

That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house be but
narrow"—

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. WIDOWHOOD.

I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes moan
Before I am well awake;
"Let me bleed! O let me alone,
Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and at head:
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
But a world happy and fair!

I have not wished it to mourn with me—
Comfort is not there.

O what anear but golden brooms,
And a waste of reedy rills!
O what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—
How bitter it is to part!
O to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
O that an echo might wake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart.strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel voices blent;
O once to feel thy spirit anear,
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an angel entering trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God!

SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews—

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
“Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears—
O fond, O fool, and blind,
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in nought accuse:
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. LONGING FOR HOME.

I.

A SONG of a boat;—

There was once a boat on a billow :
Lightly she rocked to her port remote ;
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow
And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home ;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

IV.

A song of a nest:—

There was once a nest in a hollow :
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?

And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!

DIVIDED.

I.

AN empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily sing.

We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen;
Drop over drop there filtered and slided
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of faëry bells—
Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us
Down in their fortunate parallels,

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rooks fly
Forward, backward; lo, their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
As hair from a maid's bright eyes brown black;
And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever:
On either margin, our songs all done,

We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are dumb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider;
"Cross to me now—for her wavelets swell:"
"I may not cross,"—and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
"Come to me now, for the west is burning;
Come ere it darkens;"—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep:
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them; we walk, and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathred,
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Gitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;

But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth, her banks recede;
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away.
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower.
The ringers ran by two by three;
“Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best,” quoth he.
“Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes; all your swells,
Play uppe ‘The Brides of Enderby.’”

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;

And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling.
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
“Cusha! Cusha!” all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling
“For the dewes will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”

If it be long, ay, long ago,
 When I beginne to think how long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanheards where there sedges are
Move on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,

Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar off I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—

Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and mgh—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang “Enderby.”

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
“O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;

Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

POEMS OF SCHILLER.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

VIVOS VOCO. MORTUOS PLANGO. FULGURA FRANGO.

WALL'D securely in the ground,
Stands the mould of well-bak'd clay:
Comrades, at your task be found!
We must cast the Bell to day!
From the burning brow
Sweat must run, I trow,
Would we have our work commended—
Blessings must be heaven-descended.

A solemn word may well befit
The task we solemnly prepare ;
When goodly converse hallows it,
The labour flows on gladly there.
Let us observe with careful eyes
What thro' deficient strength escapes ;
The thoughtless man we must despise,
Who disregards the thing he shapes.
This forms a man's chief attribute,
And Reason is to him assign'd,

That what his hand may execute.
Within his heart, too, he should find.

Heap ye up the pinewood first,
Yet full dry it needs must be,
That the smother'd flame may burst
Fiercely through the cavity!
Let the copper brew!
Quick the tin add too,
That the tough bell-metal may
Fuse there in the proper way!

The Bell that in the dam's deep hole
Our hands with help of fire prepare,
From the high belfry-tower will toll,
And witness of us loudly bear.
'Twill there endure till distant days,
On many an ear its sounds will dwell,
Sad wailings with the mourner raise,—
The chorus of devotion swell.
Whatever changeful fate may bring
To be man's portion here below,
Against its metal crown will ring,
And through the nations echoing go.

Bubbles white I see ascend ;
Good ! the heap dissolves at last ;
Let the potash with it blend,
Urging on the fusion fast.
Foam and bubble-free
Must the mixture be,
That from metal void of stain
Pure and full may rise the strain.
For in a song with gladness rife,
The cherish'd child it loves to greet,

When first he treads the path of life,
Wrapped in the arms of slumbers sweet;
His coming fate of joy or gloom
Lies buried in the future's womb;
The tender cares that mothers prove
His golden morning guard with love;
The years with arrowy swiftness fleet.
The proud boy bids the maid adieu,
And into life with wildness flies,
The world on pilgrim's-staff roams through,—
Then as a stranger homeward hies ;
And gracefully, in beauty's pride,
Like to some heav'nly image fair,
Her modest cheeks with blushes dyed,
He sees the maiden standing there.
A nameless yearning now appears
And fills his heart ; alone he strays,
His eyes are ever moist with tears,
He shuns his brothers' noisy plays ;
Her steps he blushinglly pursues,
And by her greeting is made blest,
Gathers the flow'rs of fairest hues,
With which to deck his true love's breast.
Oh, tender yearning, blissful hope,
Thou golden time of love's young day!
Heav'n seems before the eye to ope,
The heart in rapture melts away.
Oh may it ever verdant prove,
That radiant time of early love.

Dusky-hued becomes each pipe !
Let me plunge this rod in here :
All for casting will be ripe
When we see it glaz'd appear.

Comrades, stand ye by!
Now the mixture try,
If the brittle will combine
With the soft—propitious sign !

For there is heard a joyous sound
Where sternness is with softness bound,
Where joins the gentle with the strong
Who binds himself forever, he
Should prove if heart and heart agree!
The dream is short, repentance long.

Through the bride's fair locks so dear
Twines the virgin chaplet bright,
When the church-bells, ringing clear,
To the joyous feast invite.
Ah! life's happiest festival
Needs must end life's happy May;
With the veil and girdle, all
Those sweet visions fade away.

Though passion may fly,
Yet love must remain;
Though the flow'ret may die,
Yet the fruit scents the plain.
Man must gird for his race
Thro' the stern paths of life,
Midst turmoil and strife,
Must plant and must form,
Gain by cunning or storm;
Must wager and dare,
Would he reach fortune e'er,

Then wealth without ending upon him soon
pours,
His granaries all overflow with rich stores ;
The room is enlarged, and his house grows apace ;
And o'er it is ruling
The housewife so modest,
His children's dear mother
And wisely she governs
The circle of home.
The maidens she trains,
And the boys she restrains,
Keeps plying for ever
Her hands that flag never,
And wealth helps to raise
With her orderly ways,
The sweet-scented presses with treasures piles
high,
Bids the thread round the fast whirling spindle
to fly;
The cleanly and bright polish'd chest she heaps
full
With the flax white as snow, and the glistening
wool;
All glitter and splendour ordains for the best,
And takes no rest.

And the father, with rapturous gaze,
From the far-seeing roof of his dwelling*
All his blossoming riches surveys ;
Sees each projecting pillar and post,
Sees his barns, that of wealth seem to boast ;

* There is no rhyme to this line in the original.

Sees each store-house, by blessings down-borne,
And the billow-like waving corn,—
Cries with exulting face :
“ Firm as the earth’s firm base,
’Gainst all misfortune’s powers,
Proudly my house now towers ! ”—
But with mighty destiny
Union sure there ne’er can be ;
Woe advances rapidly.

Let the casting be begun !
Traced already is the breach ;
Yet before we let it run,
Heaven’s protecting aid beseech !
Let the plug now fly !
May God’s help be nigh !
In the mould all-smoking rush
Fire-brown billows with fierce gush.

Beneficent the might of flame,
When ’tis by man watch’d o’er, made tame.
For to this heav’nly power he owes
All his creative genius knows ;
Yet terrible that power will be,
When from its fetters it breaks free,
Treads its own path with passion wild,
As nature’s free and reckless child.
Woe, if it casts off its chains,
And, without resistance, growing,
Through the crowded streets and lanes
Spreads the blaze, all fiercely glowing !
For the elements still hate
All that mortal hands create.

From the clouds all blessings rill,
'Tis the clouds that rain distil;
From the clouds, with quivering beams;
Lightning gleams.

From yon tower the wailing sound
Spreads the fire alarm around!
Blood-red, lo!

Are the skies!
But 'tis not the day's clear glow!
Smoke up-flies!
Loud the shout
Round about!

High the fiery column glows,
Through the streets' far-stretching rows
On with lightning speed it goes.
Hot, as from an oven's womb,
Burns the air, while beams consume,
Windows rattle, pillars fall,
Children wail and mothers call.
Beasts are groaning,
Underneath the ruins moaning;
All their safety seek in flight.
Day-clear lighted is the night.
Through the hands' extended chain.
Flies the bucket on amain;
Floods of water high are thrown;
Howling comes the tempest on,
Roaring in the flames' pursuit.
Crackling on the wither'd fruit
Falls it,—on the granary,
On the rafter's timber dry,
And as if earth's heavy weight
Seeking in its flight to bear,
Mounts it, as a giant great,

Wildly thro' the realms of air.
Man now loses hope at length,
Yielding to immortal strength;
Idly, and with wond'ring gaze,
All the wreck he now surveys.

Burnt to ashes is the stead,
Now the wildstorm's rugged bed.
In the empty window-panes
Shudd'ring horror now remains,
And the clouds of heaven above
Peep in, as they onward move.

Upon the grave where buried lies
His earthly wealth, his longing eyes
The man one ling'ring moment throws,
Then, as a pilgrim, gladly goes.
Whate'er the fierce flames may destroy,
One consolation sweet is left ;
His lov'd ones' heads he counts,—and, Joy!—
He is not e'en of one bereft !

In the earth it now has pour'd,
And the mould has fill'd aright ;
Skill and labour to reward,
Will it beauteous come to light ?
If the mould should crack?
If the casting lack?
While we hope, e'en now, alas,
Mischief may have come to pass!

To the dark womb of holy earth
We trust what issues from our hand,
As trusts the sower to the land

His seed, in hope 'twill have its birth
To bless us, true to Heaven's command.
Seed still more precious in the womb
Of earth we trusting hide, and wait
In hope that even from the tomb
'Twill blossom to a happier fate.

Sad and heavy from the dome
Hark! the Bell's death-wailings come.
Solemnly the strains, with sorrow fraught,
On her way a pilgrim now escort.

For a mother tolls the Bell!
For a fond wife sounds the knell!
Death, regardless of her charms,
Tears her from her husband's arms,
From her children tears her too,
Offspring of affection true,
Whom she cherish'd with the love
None but mothers e'er can prove.
All the ties their hearts uniting
Are dissolv'd for evermore;
She whose smile that home was lighting
Wanders on oblivion's shore.
Who will now avert each danger?
Who will now each care dispel?
In her seat will sit a stranger—
She can never love so well!

Till the Bell has cool'd aright,
Let the arduous labour rest;
As the bird midst foliage bright
Flutters, each may thus be blest.

When the daylight wanes,
Free from duty's chains
Workmen hear the vesper chime;
Masters have for rest no time.

Gladly hies the wanderer fast,
Through the forest glades so deep,
Tow'rd his own lov'd cot at last.
Bleating homeward go the sheep;
Broad-brow'd, smooth-skin'd cattle, all
Bellowing come, and fill each stall.
Home returns the heavy wain,
Stagg'ring 'neath its load of grain.
Many-hued, the garlands lie
On the sheaves, while gladly fly
To the dance the reaper-boys,—
Hush'd each street and market noise,
Round the candle's social light
All the household now unite,
Creakingly the town-gates close,
Darkness its black mantle throws
O'er the earth; but yet the night,
Though it fills the bad with awe,
Gives the townsmen no affright,
For he trusts the wakeful law.

Holy Order, blessing rife,
Heaven's own child, by whom in life
Equals joyously are bound,
And whose task 'tis towns to found,—
Who the wand'ring savage led
From the plains he us'd to tread,
Enter'd the rude huts of men,
Softening their wild habits then,

And who wove that dearest band,—
Love for home and fatherland !

Thousand busy hands are plying,
 Into loving union thrown,
And, in fiery motion vieing,
 All the forces here are known.
Under freedom's shelter holy
 Man and master now unite,
Love their stations, high or lowly,
 And defy the scorner's might.
Blessings are our labor's guerdon,
 Work adorns the townsman most ;
Honor is a king's chief burden,
 We in hands industrious boast.

Peace all-lovely !
Blissful concord !
Linger, linger
 Kindly o'er this our town !
May we ne'er the sad day witness
When the hordes of cruel warriors
Wildly tread this silent valley ;
When the heavens,
That the eve's bright colors blending
 Softly gild
With the light of flames ascending,
 From the burning towns are fill'd !

Let us now the mould destroy,
 Well it has fulfill'd its part,
That the beauteous shape with joy
 May inspire both eye and heart.

Wield the hammer, wield,
Till the mantle yield !
Would we raise the Bell on high,
Must the mould to atoms fly.
The founder may destroy the mould
With cunning hand, if time it be;
But woe, if, raging uncontroll'd,
The glowing bronze itself should free!
Blind-raging, like the crashing thunder,
It bursts its tenement asunder.
And, as from open jaws of hell,
Around it spews destruction fell.
Where forces rule with senseless might,
No structure there can come to light ;
When mobs themselves for freedom strive,
True happiness can never thrive.

Woe, when within a city's walls,
Where firebrands secretly are pil'd,
The people, bursting from their thralls,
Tread their own path with fury wild !
Sedition then the Bell surrounds,
And bids it yield a howling tone;
And, meant for none but peaceful sounds,
The signal to the fray spurs on.

"Freedom! Equality!" they shout ;
The peaceful townsman grasps his arms.
Mobs stand the streets and halls about,
The place with bands of murderers swarms.
Into hyenas women grow,
From horrors their amusement draw;
The heart, still quivering, of the foe
With panther's teeth they fiercely gnaw.

All that is holy is effaced,
 Rent are the bonds of modesty;
 The good is by the bad replaced,
 And crime from all restraint is free.
 Death-fraught the tiger's tooth appears,
 To wake the lion madness seems;
 Yet the most fearful of all fears
 Is man obeying his wild dreams.
 Woe be to him who, to the blind,
 The heav'nly torch of light conveys !
 It throws no radiance on *his* mind,
 But land and town in ashes lays.*

God hath hearken'd to my vow!
 See, how like a star of gold
 Peels the metal kernel now,
 Smooth and glistening from the mould !
 E'en from crown to base
 Sunlike gleams its face.
 While the scutcheons, fairly plann'd,
 Praise the skilful artist's hand.

Now let us gather round the frame!
 The ring let ev'ry workman swell,
 That we may consecrate the Bell !
 CONCORDIA be henceforth its name,
 Assembling all the loving throng
 In harmony and union strong!

And *this* be the vocation fit
 For which the founder fashion'd it !
 High, high above earth's life, earth's labor,
 E'en to the heav'ns' blue vault to soar.

*The first French Revolution is alluded to in the preceding line.

To hover as the thunder's neighbor,
The very firmament explore;
To be a voice as from above,
Like yonder stars so bright and clear,
That praise their Maker as they move
And usher in the circling year.
Tun'd be its metal mouth alone
To things eternal and sublime,
And, as the swift-wing'd hours speed on,
May it record the flight of time!
Its tongue to Fate it well may lend;
Heartless itself, and feeling nought,
May with its warning notes attend
On human life, with change so fraught.
And, as the strains die on the ear
That it peals forth with tuneful might,
So let it teach that nought lasts here,
That all things earthly take their flight!

Now then, with the rope so strong,
From the vault the Bell upweigh,
That it gains the realms of song,
And the heav'nly light of day!
All hands nimbly ply!
Now it mounts on high!
To this city Joy reveals,—
PEACE be the first strain it peals!

HERO AND LEANDER.

SEEST thou yonder castles grey,
Glitt'ring in the sun's bright ray,
That arise on either side,
Where the Hellespont impels
Through the rocky Dardanelles
Ceaselessly his angry tide?
Hear'st thou yonder billows roar,
As against the cliffs they break?
Asia they from Europe tore—
Love alone they ne'er could shake.

Hero and Leander's hearts
With his fierce but pleasing smarts
Cupid's might immortal mov'd,
Hero rivall'd Hebe's grace,
While Leander, in the chase,
O'er the mountains boldly rov'd.
But, ere long, parental wrath
Sever'd the united pair,
And the fruit by love brought forth
Hung in mournful peril there.

See, on Sestos' rocky tower
'Gainst whose base with ceaseless power
Hellespont's wild waters foam,
Sits the maid, in sorrow lost,
Looking tow'rd Abydos' coast,
Where the lov'd one has his home.
Ah, to that far-distant strand
Bridge there was not to convey,—

Not a bark was near at hand,
Yet true love soon found the way.

In the labyrinthine maze
Love a certain clue can raise,
E'en the foolish makes he wise,—
Makes the savage monster bow,—
To the adamantine plough
Yokes the steers with flaming eyes:
Styx, whose waters nine-times flow,
Cannot bar his daring course ;
For from Pluto's house of woe
Orpheus' bride he tore by force.

Even through the boiling tide
He Leander's mind supplied
With deep longing's glowing spark
When grew pale the glitt'ring day,
Took the swimmer bold his way
O'er the Pontine ocean dark ;
Cleft the waves with mighty power,
Striving for yon strand so dear,
Where upris'd on lofty tower,
Shone the torch's radiance clear.

Circled in her loving arms,
Soon the glad Leander warms
From the weary journey past,
And receives the godlike prize
That in her embraces lies
As his bright reward at last;
Till Aurora once again
Wakes him from his vision blest,

He must tempt the briny main
Driven from love's gentle breast.

Thirty suns had sped like this
In the joys of stolen bliss
Swiftly o'er the happy pair,
As a bridal night of love,
Worthy e'en the Gods above,
Ever young and ever fair,
Rapture true he ne'er can know,
Who with daring hand has never
Pluck'd the Heavenly fruits that grow
On the brink of Hell's dark river.

Hesper and Aurora bright
Each, in turns, put forth their light,
Yet the happy ones saw not
How the leaves began to fall,—
How from Northern icy hall
Winter fierce approach'd the spot.
Joyfully they saw each day
More and more its span reduce;
For the night's now-lengthened sway,
In their madness, blind they Zeus.

Nicely-balanced, day and night,
Held the scales of Heaven aright,—
From the tower, with pensive eye,
Gaz'd the gentle maid alone
On the coursers of the sun,
Hastening downwards through the sky.
Still and calm the ocean lay,
Like a pure, unsullied glass,—

Not a zephyr sought, in play,
O'er the crystal flood to pass.

Dolphin-shoals, in joyous motion
Through the clear and silv'ry ocean,
Wanton'd its cool waves among;
And, in darkly-vestur'd train,
From the bosom of the main
Tethys' varied band upsprung.
None but they e'er saw reveal'd
Those fond lovers' blest delight:
But their silent lips were seal'd
Evermore by Hecate's might.

Gladly on the smiling sea
Gaz'd she, and caressingly
To the element exclaim'd :
“Lovely God, canst thou deceive ?
Ne'er the traitor I'll believe,
Who thee false and faithless nam'd.
Treach'rous is the human race,
Cruel is my father's heart;
Thou art mild and full of grace,
And art mov'd by love's soft smart.

“In these desert walls of stone
I had mourn'd in grief alone,
Pin'd in sorrow without end,
If thou, on thy crested ridge,
Aided by no bark, no bridge,
Hadst not hither borne my friend.
Dreaded though thy depths may be,
Fierce the fury of thy wave,

Love can ever soften thee,
Thou art vanquish'd by the brave.

“For the mighty dart of Love
E'en the Ocean God could move,
When the golden ram of yore,
Helle, cloth'd in beauty bright,
With her brother in her flight,
Over thy deep billows bore—
Sudden, vanquish'd by her charms.
Starting from the whirlpool black,
Thou didst bear her in thine arms
To thy realms from off his back.

“As a Goddess,—happy lot!—
In the deep and wat'ry grot,
Evermore she now resides;
Hapless lovers' cares dispels,
All thy raging passions quells,
Into port the sailor guides.
Beauteous Helle, Goddess fair,
Blessed one, to thee I pray:
Safely trusting to thy care,
Hither bring my love to-day!”

Dark the waters soon became,
And she wav'd the torch's flame
From the lofty balcony,
That the wanderer belov'd,
As across the deep he rov'd,
Might the trusty signal see.
Howling blast approach'd from far,
Gloomier still the billows curl'd

Quench'd was ev'ry glimm'ring star,
And the storm its might unfurl'd.

Over Pontus' boundless plain
Night now spreads, while heavy rain
Pours in torrents from each cloud ;
Lightning quivers through the air,
While from out its rocky lair
Bursts the tempest fierce and loud.
In the waters, as they yell;
Fearful chasms are expos'd ;
Gaping, like the jaws of Hell
Are the ocean-depths disclos'd.

“ Woe, oh, woe ! ” she weeping cries
“ Mighty Zeus, regard my sighs !
Ah, how rash the boon I crav'd !
If the Gods gave ear to me,
If within the treach'rous sea,
He the raging storm has brav'd !
Ev'ry bird that loves the tide
Homeward swiftly wings its way
Ev'ry ship, in tempest tried,
Refuge seeks in shelt'ring bay.

“ Doubtless, ah ! the dauntless one
Has his daring task begun,
Urg'd by the great Deity;
When departing, he his troth
Pledg'd with Love's most sacred oath;
Death alone can set him free.
He, alas, this very hour,
Wrestles with the tempest's gloom;

And the madden'd billows' power
Bears him downwards to their womb.

“Pontus false!—thy seeming calm
Serv'd suspicion to disarm;

Thou wert like a spotless glass;
Basely smooth thy waters lay,
That they might my love betray
Into thy false realms to pass.

In thy middle current now,
Where no hopes of refuge lie,
On the hapless victim thou
Let'st thy fearful terrors fly!”

Fiercer grows the tempest's might,
Leaping up to mountain-height

Swells the sea,—the billows roar
'Gainst the cliffs with fury mad;

E'en the ship with oak beclad
Breaks to pieces on the shore.

And the wind puts out the blaze

That had serv'd to light the track;
Terror round the landing plays,
Terror in the waters black.

Venus she implores to chain

The tempestuous hurricane,

And the angry waves to bind;

And a steer with golden horn

Vows the maid, by anguish torn,

As a victim to each wind.

Ev'ry Goddess of the deep,

Ev'ry heavenly Deity,

She implores to lull to sleep
With smooth oil the raging sea.

“To my mournful cry attend !
Blest Leucothœa, ascend
Hither from thy sea-green bower !
Thou who oft-times com’st to save
When the fury of the wave
Threats the sailor to devour !
O’er him cast thy sacred veil,
Which, with its mysterious charm,
E’en when floods his life assail,
Guards its wearer from all harm !”

And the wild winds cease to blow,
Brightly through the Heavens now go
Eos’ coursers, mounting high;
Gently in its wonted bed
Flows the ocean, smoothly spread,
Sweetly smile both sea and sky.
Softly now the billows stray
O’er the peaceful, rock-bound strand,
And, in calm and eddying play,
Waft a lifeless corpse to land.

Ah, ’tis he who, even now,
Keeps in death his solemn vow !
In an instant knows she him;
Yet she utters not a sigh,—
Not a tear escapes her eye,
Cold and rigid is each limb.
Sadly looks she on the light,
Sadly on the desert deep;

And unearthly flushes bright
O'er her pallid features creep.

“Dreaded Gods, I own your force!
Fearfully, without remorse,
Ye have urg'd your rights divine.
Though my race is early run,
Yet I happiness have known,
And a blissful lot was mine.
Living, in thy temple, I
As a priestess deck'd my brow,
And a joyful victim die,
Mighty Venus, for thee now!”

And, with garments flutt'ring round,
From the tower, with madden'd bound,
Plung'd she in the distant wave.
High the God through his domain
Bears those hallow'd corpses twain,—
He himself becomes their grave;
And, rejoicing in his prize,
Gladly on his way he goes,—
From his urn, that never dries,
Pours his stream, that ceaseless flows.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
"This is my house and this my little wife."
"Mine too" said Philip "turn and turn about."
When, if they quarrel'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,

Shriek out "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas.
And all men look'd upon him favorably:
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face

All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

'Thus Enoch in his heart determin'd all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.

Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him: and then he said
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go."

And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,

Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely" said Philip "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;" therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand

To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,
 If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay—
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 This is the favor that I came to ask."

"Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd "I cannot look you in the face;
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid;
 Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd

"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd

She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,

Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offense of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him
"Come with us Father Philip" he denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing "let me rest" she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said
Lifting his honest forehead "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood."
"Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost" he said "the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said
"I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices made me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—

I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
“ You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?”
“ I am content” he answer'd “ to be loved
A little after Enoch.” “ O ” she cried
Scared as it were “ dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year; a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!” Philip sadly said
“ Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.” “ Nay” she cried
“ I am bound: you have my promise—in a year:
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?”
And Philip answer'd “ I will bide my year.”

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie rose,
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,

Saying gently "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answer'd "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.
"Yes, if the nuts" he said "be ripe again:
Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;

And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under a palmtree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun:
"He is gone" she thought "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,

Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The luster of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
Heaven,

The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away

In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his county, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,

And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,

Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering "cast away and lost;"
Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,

A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,

Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
“Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. “This miller's wife”
He said to Miriam “that you told me of,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?”
“Ay, ay, poor soul” said Miriam, “fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;” and he thought
“After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time” and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year

Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 "Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
 "Dead" clamor'd the good woman "hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
 "Swear" added Enoch sternly "on the book."
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 "Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
 "Know him?" she said "I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
 "His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man." At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 "You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be." Enoch said again
 "My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married—but that name has twice been
 changed—

I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied.

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I die blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,

Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice "a sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.¹

PART I.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's
shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,

¹ Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of this Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travelers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. ISAAC WELD informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he traveled through America in 1796.

With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild-deer arched his neck from glades, and
then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness
again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to
pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay—
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers over hills and far away?
Green Albin!¹ what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore.
Thy pellochs² rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
roar!³

¹ Scotland.

² The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.

³ A great whirlpool near the island of Jura.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's
tree!

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall,

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,
Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas carthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh, Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathise?—
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only
child.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's
cheek—

What though these shades had seen her birth,
her sire

A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climbed a widowed
father's knee.

A loved bequest,—and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye.
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden
play,
To time as when the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to
day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind :)
All uncompanied else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue
summer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament.

The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought
by night.

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polished cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
The Oneida warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
“Peace be to thee! my words this belt¹ approve,
The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the
parent dove.

“Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launched our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their toma-
hawk!

“It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areouski² broke our sleep,
Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's
fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,

¹ The wampum, offered in token of amity.

² The Indian God of War.

Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery
fight!

“ It slept—it rose again—on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rained an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise:
As when the evil Manitou that dries
The Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire:
Alas! too late, we reached and smote those
Hurons dire!

“ But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land:—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand;
Upon her child she sobbed, and swooned away,
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Chris-
tians pray.

“ Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamite:
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;—
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's
Julia wore.

“ And I, the eagle of my tribe,¹ have rushed

¹ The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals, whose qualities they affect to resemble, either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities :—as the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear.

With this lorn dove."—A sage's self-command
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that
gushed;

But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That showered upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned;
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild,
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's
child!—

"Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here?
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime!
How beautiful e'en now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years
of time!

"And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, favorite child of yore?
Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou
Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all at his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend
In woes, that e'en the tribe of deserts was thy
friend?"

He said—and strained unto his heart the boy;—
Far differently, the mute Oneida took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;¹
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;

¹ *Calumet of Peace*.—The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle¹ to his bier
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below;
He scorned his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his moccasins,² in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his
friendly tongue.

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy
feet;

While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And poured the lotus-horn,³ or slew the moun-
tain roe.

"Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one!
And I will graft thee on a noble stock:

1 *Tree-rocked cradle.*—The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rocked by the wind.

2 Moccasins are a sort of Indian buskin.

3 From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!"

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In the woods required, whose trained eye was
 keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannahs
 green.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launched—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide;
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage
 bright.

PART II.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for
 themselves.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream;
Both were at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might
 roam

Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills the horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,

(As if for heavenly musing meant alone ;)
Yet so becomingly the expression past.
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the
last.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone.
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breath the groves, romantic and
alone.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene:
"Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
The home of kindred I have never seen!
We know not other—oceans are between:
Yet say! far friendly hearts, from whence we
came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene?
My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim;—
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

"And yet, loved England! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong?
Oh, parent! with what reverential awe,
From features of thine own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw!
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!"

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy:
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his reverend head from all annoy:

For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen carolled to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appeared in momentary view.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude
wore;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust,¹ or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit:—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed
by time.

But high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw:
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had
strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;

¹ It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles
alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her
sweetest tears.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves 'plaining through its gloom pro-
found,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When lo! there entered to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to wit, for eastern mountains bound;
But late the equator suns his cheek had tanned,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features.—she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seemed his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks be-
came.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there:
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green
wood;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's
tongue.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—
Gay lilled fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he designed
Than all the city's pomp and home of human
kind.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The llama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,¹
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado
sound

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would
ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
“In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
An orphan's name,” quoth Albert, “may'st have
known.
Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him
as my own.

¹ The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

“Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful
years

These very walls his infant sports did see;
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedewed my child and me:
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold:
By kindred he was sent for o’er the sea,
They tore him from us when but twelve years
old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet con-
soled!”

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell:—
“And speak! mysterious stranger!” Gertrude
cried,

“It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!
’Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to
tell!”

A burst of joy the father’s lips declare;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell.
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest, in this wide world
of care.

“And will ye pardon then,” replied the youth,
“Your Waldegrave’s feigned name, and false
attire?

I durst not in the neighborhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray;
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o’er your tombs to weep a day,
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass
away.

“But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear
face,
The changing hand of time I may not blame;

For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here of beauty perfected the frame:
And well I know your hearts are still the same—
They could not change—ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joy-
ous day?"

"And art thou here? or is it but a dream?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us
more?"—

"No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth—than e'en thyself of yore—
I will not part thee from thy father's shore;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand and hand again the path explore,
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth
and charms!"

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight;
There, if, oh, gentle Love! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
'Twas listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly
fond—

"Flower of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorned by fortunes power, than
own
Her pomp and splendors lavished at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odors cast on heaven's own shrine—to
please—

Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the
 breeze,
When Coromandel's ships returned from Indian
 seas."

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

PART III.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a God indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time
expire.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannahs they consume!
While she, beside her baskined youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume.
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume:
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to
share.

What though the sportive dog oft round them
note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the
spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade e'en now her love, and witnessed first
her vows.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,

Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart the idea stole,
(Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drowned)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses
roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But, mortal pleasure; what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou wert
doomed,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid
low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes
gloomed!

Sad was the year by proud oppression driven,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
Her birth star was the light of burning plains;¹
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential
pains.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall
note,

¹ Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly
dreams?

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;
Save where the fife its shrill reveille screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of maddening strife, and blood-
stained fields to come.

It was in truth a momentary pang;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe!
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doomed to go!
"Nay meet not thou," she cries, "thy kindred
foe!

But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!"
"Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel like mine, the stigmatising brand!
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band!

"But shame—but fight—a recreant's name to
prove,

To hide in exile ignominious fears;
Say, e'en if this I brooked,—the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears:
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child!"
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppressed, the mourn-
ful beauty smiled.

Night came,—and in their lighted bower, full
late,

The joy of converse had endured—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate;
And heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form has rushed amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark;

But desolate he looked, and famished poor,
As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert
shore.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and
arched:

A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and
parched,

From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst;

And long his filmed eye is red and dim;

At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst

Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering
limb,

When Albert's hand he grasped;—but Albert
knew not him—

“And hast thou then forgot,” he cried, forlorn,

And eyed the group with half indignant air,

“Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn

When I with thee the cup of peace did share?

Then stately was this head, and dark this hair

That now is white as Appalachia's snow;

But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,

And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,

Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer
know!”

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,

Ere Henry to his loved Oneida flew:

“Bless thee, my guide!”—but backward, as he
came,

The chief his old bewildered head withdrew,

And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him
through.

'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile
control—

The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—

At last delight o'er all his features stole,

“It is—my own,” he cried, and clasped him to
his soul.

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed
men,

I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's¹ crouch I feared,
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheered,
Upon the last hill top, when white men's huts
appeared?

"Then welcome be my death song, and my
death!

Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretched around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely
bled.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand,
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster
Brandt,
With all his howling desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning
pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning
shine!

¹ Cougar, the American tiger.

² Imaginary leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.

“ Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog, that watched my household
 hearth,
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human
 veins!

“ But go!—and rouse your warriors;—for, if
 right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o’er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the
 foe!”

Scarce had he uttered—when Heaven’s verge
 extreme
Reverberates the bomb’s descending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—
 and scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman’s shot prevailed:—
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet
 wailed.

Then look they to the hills, where fire o’erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock un-
 rung,

Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,—she falters not,—the heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.
One short embrace—he clasped his dearest care—
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the
glade?
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling
through the shade!

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight
grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines.

And in, the buskined hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal
throng:—
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and
cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,—
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,

He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be
forgiven.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they
drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave
adieu!

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the
tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed, and armor crowned,
And arrowy frieze, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant
scene,—

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done
Its requiem the wa-horn seemed to blow:
There sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of
snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild
alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners
flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous
deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father
bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's
wound,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her
own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom
thrown—
“Weep not, O Love!” she cries, “to see me
bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is
death indeed!

“Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress:
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh!
think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in
dust!

“Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is
past.

“Half could I bear, methinks to leave this
earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the
sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be
none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, e’en while life’s last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom’s love! to die beholding thee?”

Hushed were his Gertrude’s lips! but still their
bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agnoizing as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words; but knew not
what they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
’Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.

Touched by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearlesseye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were
 seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved
 shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved
 aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth;—him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide but words had none to
 soothe

The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that
 came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering
 frame!

“And I could weep;”—the Oneida chief
His descant wildly thus begun:
“But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death),
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

“But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,

Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

“To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

“Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed?
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o’ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there —
The silence dwells of my despair!

“But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory’s fires shalt dry thy tears:
E’en from the land of shadows now
My father’s awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi’s soul;
Because I may not stain with grief,
The death-song of an Indian chief!”

MAZEPPA.

I.

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die!
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood;
For thousands fell that flight to aid:
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had naught to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own—and died the Russians' slave.

This too sinks after many a league
Of well-sustain'd but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—

The beacons of surrounding foes—
A king must lay his limbs at length.

Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outworn nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff—his limbs were stark—
The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall.
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will:
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs!—alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true

And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sat him down, all sad and mute,

Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.

Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed.

And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,

And joy'd to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile too,
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obey'd his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around,—and Night,
Without a star, pursued her flight,—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good
The long day's march had well withstood—
If still the powder fill'd the pan,
And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt—
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offer'd then
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seen above both wounds and woe;
And then he said—"Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,

In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done
Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou:
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answer'd—"Ill betide
The school wherein I learn'd to ride!"
Quoth Charles—"Old Hetman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?"
Mazeppa said—" 'Twere long to tell:
And we have many a league to go,
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease.
Beyond the swift Borysthenes:
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—"But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope I'll track
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 'twas in my twentieth spring,—
Ay, 'twas,—when Casimir was king—
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers in my earlier age;
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your majesty:
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
He reign'd in most unseemly quiet;
Not that he had no cares to vex;

He loved the muses and the sex:
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war;
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book:
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port;
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter.
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And sign'd my odes 'Despairing Thyrsis.'
There was a certain Palatine,

A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine:
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent:
He had such wealth in blood and ore
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost look'd like want of head,

He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion;

His junior she by thirty years,
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And after wishes, hopes, and fears,

To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her Count with titles given,

'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these who have deserved them most.

v.

"I was a goodly stripling then:
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree,
Could vie in vanities with me;
Nor I had strength, youth, gaiety,
A port, not like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;
For time, and care, and war have plough'd
My very soul from out my brow;
And thus I should be disavow'd
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday;
This change was wrought, too, long ere age
Had ta'en my features for his page:
With years, ye know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree,
With starless skies my canopy.

But let me on. Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well
She had the Asiatic eye,

Such as our Turkish neighborhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight,
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,

Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.

A brow like a midsummer lake,
Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within.
A cheek and lip—but why proceed?

I loved her then—I love her still;
And such as I am, love indeed

In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage
And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past,
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

“We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd,
She did not speak, and yet replied!
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds:
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.
I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion—then, even then,
I long'd, and was resolved to speak.
But on my lips they died again,
The accents tremulous and weak.

Until one hour.—There is a game,
A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day;
It is—I have forgot the name—
And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget,
I reck'd not if I won or lost,
It was enough for me to be
So near to hear, and oh! to see
The being whom I loved the most.
I watch'd her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well!)
Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot.

Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
And on the thought my words broke forth,

All incoherent as they were;
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listened—'tis enough—

Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

“I loved, and was beloved again—
They tell me, sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain;
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you

Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am—or rather *was*—a prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control.—But to resume:
I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth, it is a happy doom,
But yet where happiest ends in pain.
We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery Expectation's dower.
My days and nights were nothing—all
Except that hour which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age
No other like itself: I'd give
The Ukraine back again to live
It o'er once more, and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save nature's gift of youth and health.
We met in secret—doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet;
I know not that—I would have given
My life but to have called her mine
In the full view of earth and heaven;
For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

“For lovers there are many eyes,
And such there were on us;—the devil
On such occasions should be civil—
The devil!—I'm loth to do him wrong,
It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,
But to his pious bile gave vent—
But one fair night, some lurking spies

Surprised and seized us both.
 The count was something more than wroth—
 I was unarm'd; but if in steel,
 All cap-a-pie from head to heel,
 What 'gainst their numbers could I do?
 Twas near his castle, far away
 From city or from succor near,
 And almost on the break of day;
 I did not think to see another,
 My moments seem'd reduced to few;
 And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
 And it may be, a saint or two,
 As I resign'd me to my fate,
 They led me to the castle gate:
 Theresa's doom I never knew.
 Our lot was henceforth separate.
 An angry man, ye may opine,
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
 And he had reason good to be,
 But he was most enraged lest such
 An accident should chance to touch
 Upon his future pedigree;
 Nor less amazed that such a blot
 His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
 While he was highest of his line;
 Because unto himself he seem'd
 The first of men, nor less he deem'd
 In others' eyes, and most in mine.
 'Sdeath with a *page*—perchance a king
 Had reconciled him to the thing;
 But with a stripling of a page—
 I felt, but cannot paint, his rage.

IX.

"‘Bring forth the horse!’—the horse was
 brought,
 In truth, he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought

Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng:
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash:
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

“Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord which to the mane.
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear or heed.
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle-gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,

Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.

I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance proof.

They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bad me to destruction dash,

That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.

They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank;
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

“ Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light.

Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;

And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before

A Turkish army had marched o'er;
 And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
 The verdure flies the bloody sod:
 The sky was dull, and dim, and grey.

And a low breeze crept moaning by—

I could have answered with a sigh—
 But fast we fled, away, away,
 And I could neither sigh nor pray;
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
 Upon the courser's bristling mane;
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,
 He flew upon his far career:

At times I almost thought, indeed,
 He must have slacken'd in his speed;
 But no—my bound and slender frame

Was nothing to his angry might,
 And merely like a spur became;

Each motion which I made to free
 My swol'n limbs from their agony

Increas'd his fury and affright:

I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,

But yet he swerv'd as from a blow;

And, starting to each accent, sprang

As from a sudden trumpet's clang:

Meantime my cords were wet with gore,

Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;

And in my tongue the thirst became

A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

"We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
 I saw no bounds on either side:

'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,

That bent not to the roughest breeze

Which howls down from Siberia's waste,

And strips the forest in its haste,—

But these were few and far between,

Set thick with shrubs more young and green

Luxuriant with their annual leaves,

Ere strown by those autumnal eves,
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolor'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore,
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frosts o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track.
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire;
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe!
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe:
Nor faster falls the blinding snow

Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he pass'd—
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favor'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

XIII.

“The wood was pass'd; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore
And throb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,

I felt the blackness come and go.

And strove to wake; but could not make

My senses climb up from below:

I felt as on a plank at sea,

When all the waves that dash o'er thee,

At the same time upheave and whelm,

And hurl thee towards a desert realm.

My undulating life was as

The fancied lights that flitting pass

Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when

Fever begins upon the brain; .

But soon it pass'd with little pain,

But a confusion worse than such;

I own that I should deem it much,

Dying, to feel the same again;

And yet I do suppose we must

Feel far more ere we turn to dust:

No matter; I have bared my brow

Full in Death's face—before—and now.

XIV.

“My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,

And numb and giddy: pulse by pulse

Life reassumed its lingering hold,

And throb by throb,—till grown a pang

Which for a moment could convulse,

My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;

My ear with uncouth noises rang,

My heart began once more to thrill,

My sight return'd, though dim; alas!

And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.

Methought the dash of waves was nigh;

There was a gleam too of the sky,

Studded with stars;—it is no dream;

The wild horse swims the wilder stream!

The bright, broad river's gushing tide

Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide.

And we are half-way, struggling o'er

To yon unknown and silent shore.

The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves.
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

XV.

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top; a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right:
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
That very cheat had cheer'd me then:
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

“Onward we went—but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o’erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low.

Or feebly foaming went.

A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;

But useless all to me:

His new-born tameness nought avail’d—

My limbs were bound; my force had fail’d,

Perchance, had they been free.

With feeble efforts still I tried

To rend the bonds so starkly tied,

But still it was in vain;

My limbs were only wrung the more,

And soon the idle strife gave o’er,

Which but prolong’d their pain:

The dizzy race seem’d almost done,

Although no goal was nearly won:

Some streaks announced the coming Sun—

How slow, alas! he came!

Methought that mist of dawning grey

Would never dapple into day;

How heavily it roll’d away—

Before the eastern flame

Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,

And call’d the radiance from their cars,

And fill’d the earth, from his deep throne,

With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

“Up rose the sun: the mists were curl’d

Back from the solitary world

Which lay around—behind—before

What bootéd it to traverse o’er

Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,

Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,

Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;

No sign of travel—none of toil.

The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on;
And still we were—or seem'd—alone.
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,

He answered and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,

His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,

Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch.
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay

The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resign'd
To that which our foreboding years
Present the worst and last of fears:
Inevitable—even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon,
Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare

That prudence might escape:
At times both wish'd for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,

And welcome in no shape.

And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revell'd beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, and calmer, oft than he

Whose heritage was misery :
For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
And, save the future (which is view'd
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued,)
With nought perhaps to grieve:
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears, to his distemper'd eyes,
Arrived to rob him of his prize,
The tree of his new Paradise.
To-morrow would have given him all,
Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;
To-morrow would have been the first
Of days no more deplored or curst,
But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
Guerdon of many a painful hour;
To-morrow would have given him power
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.

“The sun was sinking—still I lay
Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed;
I thought to mingle there our clay;
And my dim eyes of death had need.
No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun;
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before:
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit,

I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
Together scared him off at length.
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
And icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

“I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal yon bright eye?
That watches me with gentle glance?
I close my own again once more,
As doubtful that my former trance
Could not as yet be o'er.
A slender girl, long hair'd, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought;
For ever and anon she threw
A prying, pitying glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and free:
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew

No vision it could be,—
But that I lived and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,
But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made
With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet;
But those she call'd were not awake,
And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,
Another sign she made, to say,
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay
Her due return:—while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

“She came with mother and with sire—
What need of more?—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack's guest.
They found me senseless on the plain—
They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again—
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!
Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness,

Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne,—
What mortal his own doom may guess
Let none despond, let none despair!
To-morrow the Borysthenes
May see our coursers gaze at ease
Upon his Turkish bank,—and never
Had I such welcome for a river
As I shall yield when safely there.
Comrades, good night!"--The Hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,
A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where:
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wondered not,—
The king had been an hour asleep.

THE RIME OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

[An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.]

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
‘By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

[The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.]

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

[The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.]

The Sun came up upon the left
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

[The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.]

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

[The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.]

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

[The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.]

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

[Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.]

At length did cross an Albatross:
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

[And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward, through fog and floating ice.]

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

[The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.]

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look’st thou so?”—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

[His ship-mates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.]

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work ’em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

[But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.]

Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

[The fair breeze continues ; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line. The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.]

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

[And the Albatross begins to be avenged.]

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

[A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.]

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

[The ship-mates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.]

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

[The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.]

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

[At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.]

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter doubt all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

[A flash of joy.]

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

[And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?]

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

[It seemeth to him but the skeleton of a ship.]

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun.
Like restless gossameres!

[And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship. Like vessel, like crew.]

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

[DEATH and Life-in-Death have dined for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner. No twilight within the courts of the Sun.]

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

[At the rising of the Moon, one after another, his shipmates drop down dead.]

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

[But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.]

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.

PART THE FOURTH.

[The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.]

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

“I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—

[But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.]

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

[The curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.]

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

[In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.]

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:

Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked her sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

[By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great
alm.]

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

[Their beauty and their happiness. He blesseth them in his heart.]

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

[The spell begins to break.]

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

[By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed by rain.]

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

[He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.]

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
They were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

[The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.]

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

[But not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.]

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!”
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

[The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.]

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

[The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.]

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.”

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him sooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

[The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.]

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

[The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.]

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eye
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

[The curse is finally expiated.]

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

[And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.]

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

[The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, and appear in their own forms of light.]

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!

They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

[The Hermit of the Wood.]

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
" Why this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? "

[Approacheth the ship with wonder.]

" Strange, by my faith ! " the Hermit said—
" And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see those sails
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeleton of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young. "

" Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared "—" Push on, push on ! "
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came close to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

[The ship suddenly sinketh.]

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

[The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.]

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,

Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“Ha! ha!” quoth he, “full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

[The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.]

“O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!”
The Hermit crossed his brow.
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

[And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.]

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

[And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.]

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON
THE DAY WHEREON LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS
LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS STOLO
WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE
FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY,
CCCLXXXII.

YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts
and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have
stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my
tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what
Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running
wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned
to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday
sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was
done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that
fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the
wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held
accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was
the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin
in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a
side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed
askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which
always seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks
all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the
Commons ill;
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for, close behind his
heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace the
client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand
what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught
his lord may say.
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the
lying Greeks:
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave
Licinius speaks.
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies
will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak
is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy
pike ye see;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client
still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a
black stormy sky,

Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.

With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,

Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran, With bright, frank brow that had not learned to

blush at gaze of man;

And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,

She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old song,

How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,

And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.

The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,

From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;

And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,

And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,

And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,

His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

* * * * *

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;

From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:

The city-gates were opened; the Forum all alive, With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:

Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,

And blithely o'er her panniers the market girl
was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from
her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid
in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her
satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor
dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in
alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I
stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as
when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the
true client smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen fea-
tures and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught
her by the wrist,
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed
with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk
came running fast:
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver
hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth, glittering
with Punic wares
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-
forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that
fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed
their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such
a blow,

The caitiff reeled three paces back; and let the maiden go.

Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,

"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own:

She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,

The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.

'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,

Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died ere night.

I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came

On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.

For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,

Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's right.

There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;

But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.

Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,

Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed and shrieked for aid,

Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed;

And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,

And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,

Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rust
ing swords, are hung.
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice
and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which
tyrants quake to hear.

“Now, by your children’s cradles, now by your
fathers’ graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did
Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on
Tarquin’s evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes
of their sire?
For this did Scævola’s right hand hiss in the
Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed
the lion’s den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch
to the wicked ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the
Senate’s will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the
Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly
side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the
Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast
forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered
fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us our madness
flung away:
All the ripe fruit of three-score years was blighted
in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought
fight is o’er.

We strove for honors—'twas in vain: for freedom
—'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager
throng;
No tribune breathes the word of might that
guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down
beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye
have them:—keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple
gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and
laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the
fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our
good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft
may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of
the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their
fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of
yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star
heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes
for free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still
the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel
hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the gods
above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more
cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless
lineage springs

From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient
 Alban kings?
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their
 tender feet,
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon
 the wondering street,
 Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud
 smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine with
 Spanish gold?
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to
 life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and
 of wife,
 The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed
 soul endures,
 The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a
 yoke as yours.
 Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's
 breast with pride;
 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an un-
 polluted bride.
 Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable
 shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the slug-
 gard's blood to flame,
 Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our
 despair,
 And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how
 much the wretched dare."

* * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little
 space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up
 with horn and hide,
 Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a
 crimson flood,

Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling
stream of blood.

Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle
down;

Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his
gown.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat
began to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Fare-
well, sweet child! Farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I
sometimes be,

To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could
be so to thee?

And how my darling loved me! How glad she
was to hear

My footstep on the threshold when I came back
last year!

And how she danced with pleasure to see my
civic crown,

And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought
me forth my gown!

Now, all those things are over — yes, all thy
pretty ways,

Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of
old lays;

And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile
when I return,

Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon
his urn.

The house that was the happiest within the
Roman walls,

The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's
marble halls,

Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have
eternal gloom,

And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the
tomb.

The time is come. See how he points his eager
hand this way!

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's
upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned,
betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge
left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what
still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the
portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt
and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which
thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and
give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no
way but this.”
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her
in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one
sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their
breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness
as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one
and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the
wall.
Some, with averted faces, shrieking, fled home
amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the
slain;
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might
there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove
stanch the wound.

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanchèd; for
never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a
Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he
shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the
corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes Virgin-
ius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the
knife on high.

“Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of
the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between
us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me
and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Clau-
dian line!”
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and
went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the
body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and
then with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the
Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: “Stop him;
alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who
brings his head.”
He looked upon his clients; but none would work
his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled,
and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press his way in
silence cleft,

Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!"
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,

That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief
and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the
Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little
train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the
slain.
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whis-
pers and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of
gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where
the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb
from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood
streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in
shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the
blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and
thrice he strove to speak;
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful
yell;
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and
hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves
must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with
the wicked Ten!"
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came
whizzing through the air,
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round
the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trem-
bling came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against
aught but shame.

Though the great houses love us not, we own, to
do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne
them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his
wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-
fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and
Tuscan bowed;
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom
herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken
field,
And changes color like a maid at sight of sword
and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the
city towers;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any
necks but ours,
A Cossus, like a wild-cat, springs ever at the
face;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting
chase;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish
spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs
from those who smite.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones
began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands,
and smote upon his thigh.
"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in
this fray!
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the
nearest way!"
While yet he spake, and looked around with a
bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the
curule chair;

And four-score clients on the left, and four-score
on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves,
and loins girt up for the fight.
But, though without or staff or sword, so furious
was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could
bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times
they seized his gown;
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they
got him down:
And sharper came the pelting; and evermore
the yell—
“Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!”—rose with
a louder swell:
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with
tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern
gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds
of spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape has donned his veil
of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one
beneath the ear;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned
with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so
high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man’s, hung down, and
swayed from side to side;
And when his stout retainers had brought him
to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and
clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his
grandson be!
God send Rome one such other sight, and send
me there to see!

* * * * *

IVRY:

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry
of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and
of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines,
oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud
city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourn-
ing daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in
our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the
chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Na-
varre.
Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the
dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in
long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel
peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with
his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of
Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his
eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save
our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well
he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine,
amidst the ranks of war.
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
Navarre."
Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the
mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and
roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's
plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and
Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen
of France,

Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with
the lance !
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand
spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the
snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while,
like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne
hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish
count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before
a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and
flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all
along our van,
“ Remember St. Bartholomew,” was passed from
man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, “ No Frenchman is
my foe :
‘ Down, down with every foreigner, but let your
brethren go.’ ”
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship
or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier
of Navarre ?
Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought
for France to-day,
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a
prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in
fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet
white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath
ta'en,
The cornet white with black, the flag of false
Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the
host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which
wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their
loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry
of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lu-
cerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, the Mexican pis-
toles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy
poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch
and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God
hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the
valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all
glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry
of Navarre.

THE ARMADA:

A FRAGMENT.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble Eng-
land's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore
in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts
of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving
many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's es-
pecial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her
close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed
along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's
lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along
the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old
sheriff comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers; before him,
 sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear
 an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
 Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly
 dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon
 swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
 crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
 lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
 famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
 eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he
 turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the
 princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: Ho !
 scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute: Ho ! gallants;
 draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes,
 waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our
 pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that ban-
 ner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haugh-
 ty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the
 purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er
 again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn
 to Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as
the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly
war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone
on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twink-
ling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glit-
tering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,
the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the
rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang
out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak
of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-
like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answer-
ing fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her
reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud
the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent
back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the
rush of hurrying feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder
still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath
the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew
those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they
sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Dar-
win's rocky dales,
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy
hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Mal-
vern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrek-
in's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the word to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide
vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burgh-
ers of Carlisle.

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THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

BY OBADIAH BIND THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-
THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SER-
GEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT. (1824.)

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from
the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your
raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joy-
ous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press
which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that
we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty
and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the
saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
That we saw their banners dance, and their
cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long
essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of
the Rhine.
Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and
his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd
into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !

For Charles King of England and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,

His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks ;

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken !
We are gone !

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the center hath given ground :

Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys,

Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his
pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to
hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on
Temple Bar;

And he — he turns, he flies:— shame on those
cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look
on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip
the slain,

First give another stab to make your search
secure,

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-
pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the
poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your
hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your
lemans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers
in the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the
prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at
heaven and hell and fate,

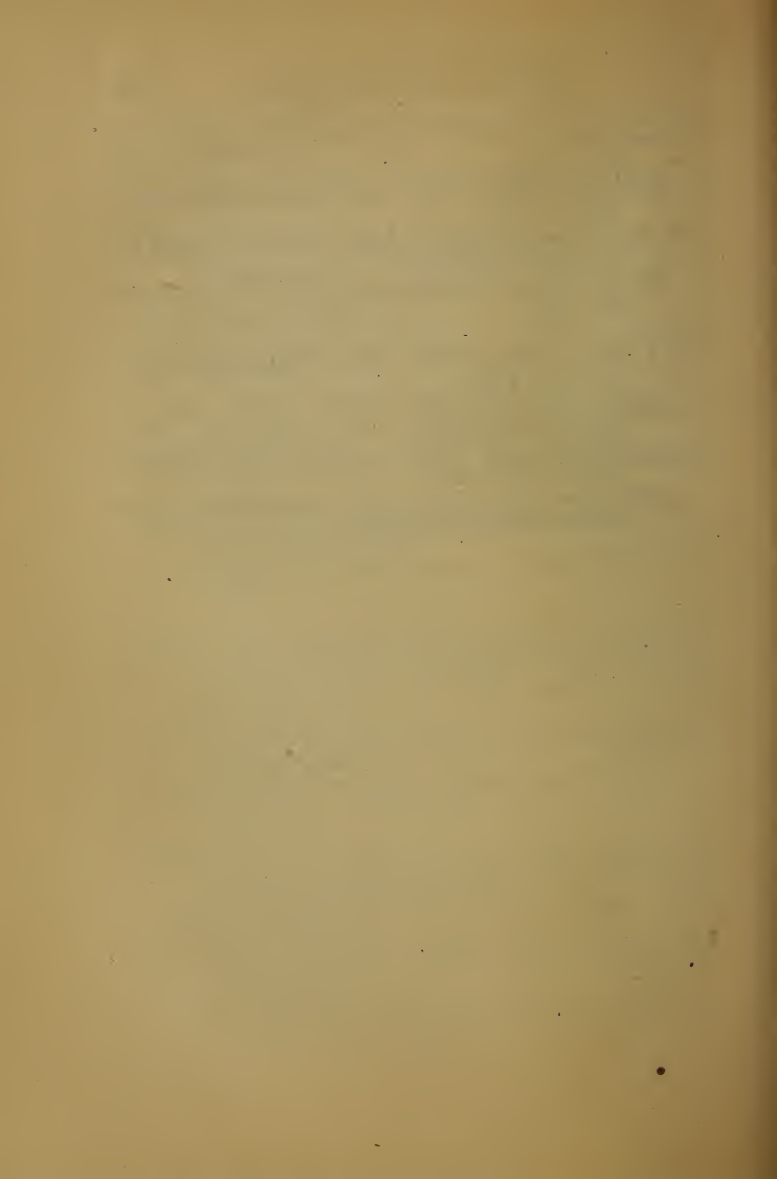
And the fingers that once were so busy with
your blades,

Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and
your oaths,

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your dia-
monds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre and
the crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon
of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford halls: there is wail in
Durham's Stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop rends
his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her
children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder
when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the
Houses and the Word.



THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

I.

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

II.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

III.

We spoke not, as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

IV.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

V.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck—
Oh, but his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.

VI.

“Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
I needs must tell to thee.

VII.

“Thou know’st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

VIII.

“And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

IX.

“Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream:—
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight’s quivering beam.

X.

“His robe was of the azure dye—
Snow-white his scattered hairs—
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears.

XI.

“‘Why go ye forth, Lord James,’ he said,
‘With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?’

XII.

“‘The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,

The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

XIII.

“‘But ’tis not there that Scotland’s heart
Shall rest, by God’s decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea !

XIV.

“‘Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede !
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

XV.

“‘And it shall pass beneath the cross,
And save King Robert’s vow ;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou !’

XVI.

“‘Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
No truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

XVII.

‘If ne’er upon the Holy Land
’Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland’s kindly earth
The relics of her dead.”

XVIII.

The tear was in Sir Simon’s eye
As he wrung the warrior’s hand—
“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I’ll hold by thy command.

XIX.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

XX.

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee,

XXI.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

XXII.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armèd men
That round yon standard throng?"

XXIII.

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

XXIV.

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardy!"

XXV.

"Have down, have down my merry men all-
Have down unto the plain;

We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

XXVI.

"Now welcome to me, noble Lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour!

XXVII.

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

XXVIII.

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglass am I called;
And these are Scottish spears.

XXIX.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

XXX.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

XXXI.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

XXXII.

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
“God’s blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

XXXIII.

“I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

XXXIV.

“Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!”

XXXV.

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!
“There is not one of all my men
But is as frank as I.

XXXVI.

“There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear—
Then—onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think, King Robert’s here!”

XXXVII.

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As, spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

XXXVIII.

And many a bearded Saracen,
Went down, both horse and man,

For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

XXXIX.

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through;
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

XL.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade,
Still held them hard at bay.

XLI.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried—
"Make in, my brethren dear
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

XLII.

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain;
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

XLIII.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

XLIV.

Then in the stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

XLV.

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

XLVI.

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

XLVII.

"Now praised be God the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

XLVIII.

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me;
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!"

XLIX.

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe, that I am living man,
Not lying there by him!"

L.

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

LI.

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May!"

The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

LII.

“And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

LIII.

“We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

LIV.

“And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!”

LV.

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

LVI.

“God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!”

LVII.

We lifted thence the good Lord James,
And the priceless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

LVIII.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death,
Before the mighty dead.

LIX.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woeful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

I.

SOUND the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day—
Never, since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle

Whence his spirit took its flight,
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled—
With its crimson and its gold—
See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field!
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh,
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,

And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die;
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
“Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir:—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger

As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath:
And their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges

Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochell!
 Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—
 On we poured until we met them,
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
 Horse and man went down like drift-wood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
 And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.
 Horse and man went down before us—
 Living foe there tarried none
 On the field of Killiecrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening star was shining
 On Schehallion's distant head,
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain.
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear,
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansman's clamorous cheer;
 So amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
 Where the bones of heroes rest—
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest!

Last of Scots and last of freemen—
Last of all the dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time:
Honor may be deemed dishonor,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

I.

News of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Eeah one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

II.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
“Warder—warder! open quickly;
Man—is this a time to wait?”
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

III.

Round him crush the people, crying,
“Tell us all; oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?”
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks out from his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride—
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
“By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come.”
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker’s voice is dumb.

IV.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had
charged
To watch the tower and wall.
“Your hands are weak with age,” he said,
“Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
’Twere better than in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!”

V.

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm.
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,

For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

VI.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,—
For with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel,
All keen to do and dare;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh! woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
“Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face,
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!

VII.

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud :
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land.
Ay, ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie,
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy;
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!"

VIII.

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes
Spreading terror, sweeping on—
"Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—
O Great God, King James is gone!

Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou who erst didst lose thy Son!
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

IX.

But within the Council Chamber
All was silent as the grave,
Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
Shook the bosoms of the brave.
Well indeed might they be shaken
With the weight of such a blow:
He was gone—their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshiped so!
Like a knell of death and judgment
Rung from heaven by angel hand,
Fell the words of desolation
On the elders of the land.
Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
Withered hands were clasped and wrung;
God had left the old and feeble,
He had ta'en away the young.

X.

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.

"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou need'st not tell it; he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray?
For by the might of Mary!
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell!"

XI.

"No one failed him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
Whom you sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dared not scale;

Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our monarch,
Clenching still his shivered sword;
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a Southron lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew,
Then I stooped, and took the banner
As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall."

XII.

So he ended. And the others
Cared not any answer then;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring wildly on the spray.
But, without, the maddening tumult
Waxes ever more and more,
And the crowd of wailing women
Gather round the Council door.
Every dusky spire is ringing
With a dull and hollow knell,
And the Miserere's singing
To the tolling of the bell.

Through the streets the burghers hurry,
Spreading terror as they go;
And the rampart's thronged with watchers
For the coming of the foe.
From each mountain-top a pillar
Streams into the torpid air,
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host is there.
All without is flight and terror,
All within is woe and fear—
God protect thee, Maiden City,
For thy latest hour is near'

XIII.

No! not yet, thou high Dunedin!
Shall thou totter to thy fall;
Though thy bravest and thy strongest
Are not here to man the wall.
No, not yet! the ancient spirit
Of our fathers hath not gone;
Take it to thee as a buckler
Better far than steel or stone.
Oh, remember those who perished
For thy birthright at the time
When to be a Scot was treason,
And to side with Wallace crime!
Have they not a voice among us,
Whilst their hallowed dust is here?
Hear ye not a summons sounding
From each buried warrior's bier?
Up!—they say—and keep the freedom
Which we won you long ago:
Up! and keep our graves unsullied
From the insults of the foe!
Up! and if ye cannot save them,
Come to us in blood and fire:
Midst the crash of falling turrets
Let the last of Scots expire!

XIV.

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
And the cry comes louder in;
Mothers wailing for their children,
Sisters for their slaughtered kin.
All is terror and disorder,
Till the Provost rises up,
Calm, as though he had not tasted
Of the fell and bitter cup.
All so stately from his sorrow,
Rose the old undaunted chief,
That you had not deemed, to see him,
His was more than common grief.
"Rouse ye, Sirs!" he said; "we may not
Longer mourn for what is done;
If our King be taken from us,
We are left to guard his son.
We have sworn to keep the city
From the foe, whate'er they be,
And the oath that we have taken
Never shall be broke by me.
Death is nearer to us, brethern,
Than it seemed to those who died,
Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
By their lord and master's side.
Let us meet it then in patience,
Not in terror or in fear;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,
Let our souls be steadfast here.
Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do;
Up! and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true,
Gather all our scattered people,
Fling the banner out once more,—
Randolph Murray! do thou bear it,
As it erst was borne before:
Never Scottish heart will leave it,
When they see their monarch's gore.

XV.

“Let them cease that dismal knelling;
It is time enough to ring,
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
Stoops to ruin like its King.
Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terrors or alarm;
When the next is heard to thunder,
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women leave their wailing—
Do they think that woeful strain,
From the bloody heaps of Flodden,
Can redeem their dearest slain?
Bid them cease,—or rather hasten
To the churches every one;
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her anointed Son,
That the thunderbolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet;
That in fire and blood and rapine
Scotland’s glory may not set.
Let them pray,—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer!—
England’s yeoman shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No! if we are doomed to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall,
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to whelm us all!
Never shall the ruthless spoiler
Lay his hot insulting hand
On the sisters of our heroes,
Whilst we bear a torch or brand!
Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,—
But when next ye hear the bell
Sounding forth the sullen summons
That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
Once more see each other’s face;

Then, like men that need not tremble
Go to our appointed place.
God, our Father will not fail us,
In that last tremendous hour,—
If all other bulwarks crumble,
HE will be our strength and tower:
Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
Bellow o'er the sinking town;
There is yet one place of shelter,
Where the foemen cannot come,
Where the summons never sounded
Of the trumpet or the drum.
There again we'll meet our children,
Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
For their King and for their country
Rendered up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge,
With our dear departed brave
And the ashes of the city
Be our universal grave!"

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

I.

Do not lift him from the bracken,
Leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion:
None beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather,
And the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended
To the judgment-seat of God!
Winding-sheet we cannot give him—
Seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering

Showered from heaven upon his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it,
Bent and broken with the blow,
Which, before he died, avenged him
On the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom—
Wash not off that sacred stain;
Let it stiffen on the tartan,
Let his wounds unclosed remain,
Till the day when he shall show them
At the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered
Meet before their Judge's eye!

II.

Nay, ye should not weep, my children;
Leave it to the faint and weak;
Sobs are but a woman's weapon—
Tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald!
Weep not thou, his orphan heir—
Not in shame, but stainless honor,
Lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not—but when years are over,
And thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady
On the mountain and the muir—
Let thy heart be hard as iron,
And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh.
For the race that slew thy sire!
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
Rise a louder shriek of woe,
Than at midnight, from their eyrie,
Scared the eagles of Glencoe:
Louder than the screams that mingled
With the howling of the blast,
When the murderer's steel was clashing,
And the fires were rising fast;
When the noble father bounded

To the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred
Pealed throughout the startled glen!
When the herd of frantic women
Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing,
And their dearest dead below!
Oh, the horror of the tempest,
As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
And the roofs went thundering down!
Oh, the prayers—the prayers and curses
That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
Through that long and woeful night!
Till the fires began to dwindle,
And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge
Only in a far holloo:
Till the silence once more settled
O'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona
Plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain-summit
Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered
In the grey December dawn.
Better had the morning never
Dawned upon our dark despair!
Black amidst the common whiteness
Rose the spectral ruins there:
But the sight of these was nothing
More than wrings the wild-dove's breast.
When she searches for her offspring
Round the relics of her nest.
For in many a spot the tartan
Peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald
Lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering

From each kindred victim's head,
And the living lips were burning
On the cold ones of the dead,
And I left them with their dearest—
Dearest charge had every one—
Left the maiden with her lover,
Left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless—
Far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover
Where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley,
Till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom
And the frown upon his brow—
Till I found him lying murdered,
Where he wooed me long ago!

III.

Women's weakness shall not shame me
Why should I have tears to shed?
Could I rain them down like water,
Oh my hero! on thy head—
Could the cry of lamentation
Wake thee from thy silent sleep
Could it set thy heart a-throbbing
It were mine to wail and weep!
But I will not waste my sorrow,
Lest the Campbell women say
That the daughters of Clanranald
Are as weak and frail as they.
I had wept thee hadst thou fallen,
Like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen
Camped upon a Scottish field—
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished
With the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble
Died around the dauntless Græme!
But I will not wrong thee, husband'

With my unavailing cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body
Stricken by the traitor lies;
Whilst he counts the gold and glory
That this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph
At the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten,
Other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heathbells on thy hillock
Wither in the autumn rain.
Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest,
And I'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee,
Dearer than my bridal bed:
And I'll give thee tears, my husband!
If the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foeman
Cry the coronach for thee!

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door,

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors
never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating
then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgive-
ness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I
opened wide the door.
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever
dared to dream before.
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whis-
pered word, “Lenore!”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back
the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul
within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder
than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at
my window-lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
mystery explore;

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mys-
tery explore:

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many
a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly
days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute
stopped or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above
my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,”
I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering
from the Nightly shore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s
Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little rele-
vancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living hu-
man being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather
then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other
friends have flown before!
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before!”
Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only
stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom un-
merciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs
one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy bur-
den bore
Of ‘Never—nevermore!’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself
to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into
my bosom's core:
This and more I sat divining, with my head at
ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-
light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on
the tufted floor.

“Wretch!” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memo-
ries of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget
the lost Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” cried I, “thing of evil!—prophet
still, if bird or devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest
tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—

On this Home by horror haunted—tell me truly,
I implore,

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me!—tell
me, I implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” cried I, “thing of evil!—prophet
still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that
God we both adore!

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the
angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or
fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust
above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl!—the spirit flown
forever!

Let the bell toll!—A saintly soul floats on the
Stygian river;

And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear? Weep
now, or never more!

See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy
love, Lenore!

Come, let the burial rite be read, the funeral
song be sung!

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever
died so young—

A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died
so young.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and
hated her for her pride!

And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed
her—that she died!

How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem
how be sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye, by yours, the
slandrous tongue

That did to death the innocence that died, and
died so young?”

Peccavimus! But rave not thus, and let a Sabbath song

Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!

The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,

Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride!

For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so lowly lies,

The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes—

The life still there, upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! To-night my heart is light! No dirge will I upraise,

But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days!

Let *no* bell toll, lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,

Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth!

To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven,

From Hell unto a high estate far up into the Heaven,

From grief and groan to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven."

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of
 the bells,
 Of the bells;
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells! [compels!]
What a world of solemn thought their monody
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They they dwell up in the steeple
 All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls a pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
love,
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams

Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright
eyes

Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my
bride,

In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

FOR ANNIE.

Thank Heaven! the crisis—
The danger—is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last,
And the fever called “Living”
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length;
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composed
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning—
The sighing and sobbing—
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart; ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called “Living”
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst:
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst;

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed;
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses.

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odor
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie;
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast,

When the light was extinguished
She covered me warm,

And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
That you fancy me dead;
And I rest so contentedly,
Now in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie,
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst
and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly, beneath the sky,
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air;
While, from a proud tower in the town,
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves,
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,
Not the gayly-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On scenes less hideously serene.

But lo! a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

DREAM-LAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly,
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead—
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dread—
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily;
By the mountains, near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever;

By the gray woods,—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp;
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls;
By each spot the most unholy,
In each nook most melancholy,
There the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the Past,
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by,
White-robed forms of friends long given
In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region;
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not—dare not—openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.
By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

Lo! 'tis a gala night

Within the lonesome latter years.

An angel throng, bewinged, bedight

In veils, and drowned in tears,

Sit in a theatre to see

A play of hopes and fears,

While the orchestra breathes fitfully

The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,

Mutter and mumble low,

And hither and thither fly;

Mere puppets they, who come and go

At bidding of vast formless things

That shift the scenery to and fro,

Flapping from out their Condor wings

Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure

It shall not be forgot!

With its Phantom chased for evermore,

By a crowd that seize it not,

Through a circle that ever returneth in

To the selfsame spot,

And much of Madness, and more of Sin,

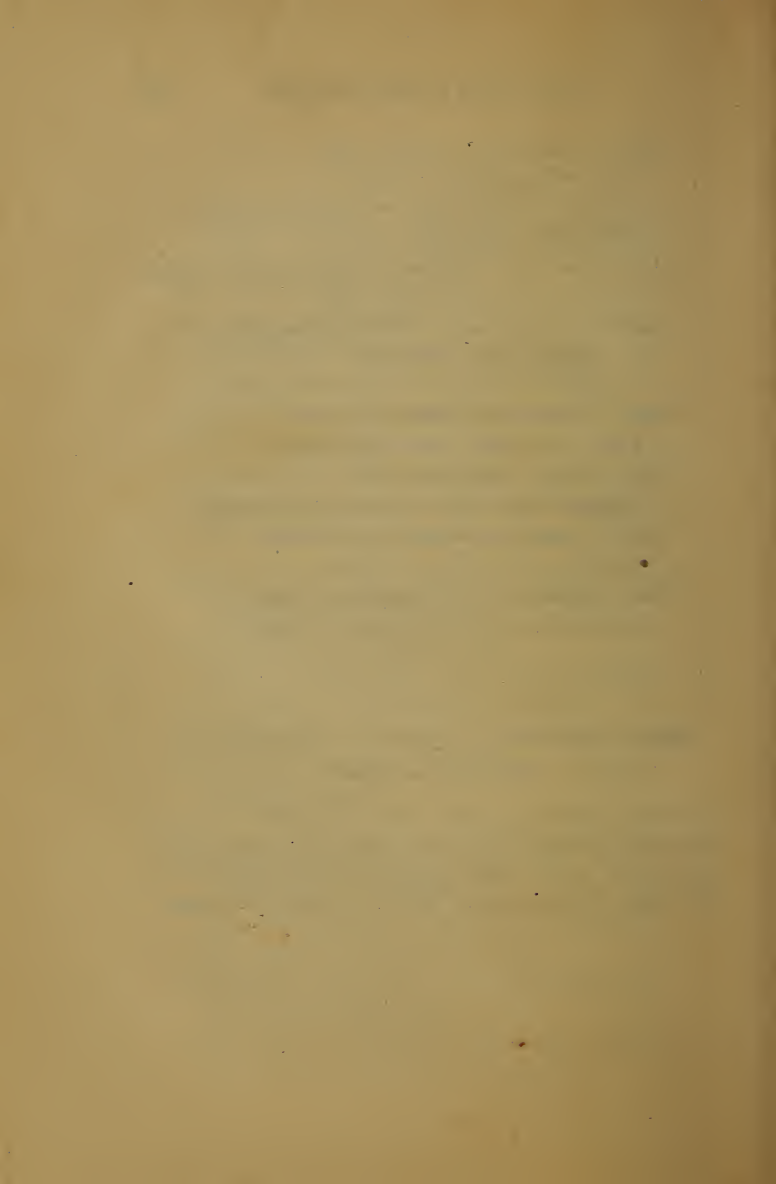
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbrued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, “Man,”
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

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HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

IN NINE CANTOS.

I. KALLIOPE.

FATE AND SYMPATHY.

“NE’ER have I seen the market and streets so thoroughly empty!

Still as the grave is the town, clear’d out! I verily fancy

Fifty at most of all our inhabitants still may be found there.

People are *so* inquisitive! All are running and racing, Merely to see the sad train of poor fellows driven to exile.

Down to the causeway now building, the distance nearly a league is,

And they thitherward rush, in the heat and the dust of the noonday.

As for me, I had rather not stir from my place just to stare at

Worthy and sorrowful fugitives, who, with what goods they can carry,

Leaving their own fair land on the further side of the Rhine stream,

Over to us are crossing, and wander through the delightful

Nooks of this fruitful vale, with all its twistings and windings.

“Wife, you did right well to bid our son go and meet them,

Taking with him old linen, and something to eat and to drink too,
Just to give to the poor; the rich are bound to befriend them.

How he is driving along! How well he holds in the horses!
Then the new little carriage looks very handsome; inside it
Four can easily sit, besides the one on the coachbox.
This time he is alone; how easily turns it the corner!"
Thus to his wife the host of the Golden Lion discoursed,
Sitting at ease in the porch of his house adjoining the market.

Then replied as follows the shrewd and sensible hostess:—
"Father, I don't like giving old linen away, for I find it Useful in so many ways, 'tis not to be purchased for money
Just when it's wanted. And yet to day I gladly have given
Many excellent articles, shirts and covers and suchlike;
For I have heard of old people and children walking half-naked.
Will you forgive me, too, for having ransacked your presses?
That grand dressing-gown, cover'd with Indian flowers all over,
Made of the finest calico, lined with excellent flannel,
I have despatch'd with the rest, 'tis thin, old, quite out of fashion."

But the worthy landlord only smiled, and then answered:—
"I shall dreadfully miss that ancient calico garment, Genuine Indian stuff! They're not to be had any longer. Well! I shall wear it no more. And your poor husband henceforward
Always must wear a surtout, I suppose, or commonplace jacket,
Always must put on his boots; good bye to cap and to slippers!"

“See,” continued his wife, “a few are already returning
Who have seen the procession, which long ago must
have pass’d by.
See how dusty their shoes are, and how their faces are
glowing!
Each one carries a handkerchief, wiping the sweat from
his forehead.
I, for one, wouldn’t hurry and worry myself in such
weather
Merely to see such a sight! I’m certain to hear all
about it.”

And the worthy father, speaking with emphasis, added:—
“Such fine weather seldom lasts through the whole of
the harvest;
And we’re bringing the fruit home, just as the hay we
brought lately,
Perfectly dry; the sky is clear, no cloud’s in the heavens,
And the whole day long delicious breezes are blowing.
Splendid weather I call it! The corn already too ripe is,
And to-morrow begin we to gather the plentiful harvest.”

Whilst he was thus discoursing the number of men and
of women
Crossing the market and going towards home kept ever
increasing;
And there return’d amongst others, bringing with him
his daughters,
On the other side of the market, their prosperous neighbor,
Going full speed to his new built house, the principal
merchant,
Riding inside an open carriage (in Landau constructed).
All the streets were alive; for the town, though small,
was well peopled,
Many a factory throve there, and many a business also.

Long sat the excellent couple under the doorway, exchanging
Many a passing remark on the people who happen’d to
pass them.

Presently thus to her husband exclaim'd the good-natured hostess:—

“ See! Yon comes the minister; with him is walking the druggist:

They'll be able to give an account of all that has happen'd.

What they witness'd, and many a sight I fear which was painful.”

Both of them came in a friendly manner, and greeted the couple,

Taking their seats on the wooden benches under the doorway,

Shaking the dust from their feet, their handkerchiefs using to fan them.

Presently, after exchanging reciprocal greetings, the druggist

Open'd his mouth, and almost peevishly vented his feelings:—

“ What strange creatures men are! They all resemble each other,

All take pleasure in staring, when troubles fall on their neighbors.

Ev'ry one runs to see the flames destroying a dwelling, Or a poor criminal led in terror and shame to the scaffold.

All the town has been out to gaze at the sorrowing exiles,

None of them bearing in mind that a like misfortune hereafter,

Possibly, almost directly, may happen to be their own portion.

I can't pardon such levity; yet 'tis the nature of all men.”

Thereupon rejoin'd the noble and excellent pastor, He, the charm of the town, in age scarce more than a stripling:—

(He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of his hearers,

Fully convinced of the worth of the Holy Scriptures, whose mission

Is to reveal man's fate, his inclinations to fathom;

He was also well read in the best of secular writings).
“I don’t like to find fault with any innocent impulse
Which in the mind of man Dame Nature has ever im-
planted;
For what reason and intellect ne’er could accomplish,
is often
Done by some fortunate, quite irresistible instinct with-
in him.
If mankind were never by curiosity driven,
Say, could they e’er have found out for themselves the
wonderful manner
Things in the world range in order? For first they
Novelty look for,
Then, with untiring industry seek to discover the Use-
ful,
Lastly they yearn for the Good, which makes them
noble and worthy.
All through their youth frivolity serves as their joyous
companion,
Hiding the presence of danger, and swiftly effacing the
traces
Caused by misfortune and grief, as soon as their on-
slaught is over.
Truly the man’s to be praised who, as years roll onward,
develops
Out of such glad disposition an intellect settled and
steady,—
Who, in good fortune as well as misfortune, strives zeal-
ously, nobly;
For what is Good he brings forth, replacing whatever
is injured.”

Then in a friendly voice impatiently spoke thus the
hostess:—
“Tell us what you have seen; I am eagerly longing to
hear it.”

Then with emphasis answer’d the druggist:—“The ter-
rible stories
Told me to-day will serve for a long time to make me
unhappy.
Words would fail to describe the manifold pictures of
mis’ry.

Far in the distance saw we the dust, before we descended
Down to the meadows; the rising hillocks hid the procession

Long from our eyes, and little could we distinguish
about it.

When, however, we reach'd the road that winds thro'
the valley,

Great was the crowd and the noise of the emigrants
mix'd with the wagons.

We unhappily saw poor fellows passing in numbers,
Some of them showing how bitter the sense of their
sorrowful flight was,

Some with a feeling of joy at saving their lives in a
hurry.

Sad was the sight of the manifold goods and chattels
pertaining

Unto a well-managed house, which the careful owner's
accustom'd

Each in its proper position to place, and in regular
order,

Always ready for use, for all are wanted and useful.—
Sad was the sight of them now, on many a wagon and
barrow

Heap'd in thorough confusion, and hurriedly huddled
together.

Over a cupboard was placed a sieve and a coverlet
woollen:

Beds in the kneading troughs lay, and linen over the
glasses.

Ah! and the danger appear'd to rob the men of their
senses,

Just as in our great fire of twenty years ago happen'd,
When what was worthless they saved, and left all the
best things behind them.

So on the present occasion with heedless caution they
carried

Many valueless chattels, o'erlading the cattle and
horses,—

Common old boards and barrels, a birdcage next to a
goose-pen.

Women and children were gasping beneath the weight
of their bundles,

Baskets and tubs full of utterly useless articles bearing.

(Man is always unwilling the least of his goods to abandon.)
Thus on its dusty way advanced the crowded procession,
All in hopeless confusion. First one, whose cattle were weaker,
Fain would slowly advance, while others would eagerly hasten.
Then there arose a scream of half-crush'd women and children,
And a lowing of cattle, with yelping of dogs intermingled,
And a wailing of aged and sick, all sitting and shaking,
Ranged in their beds on the top of the wagon too heavily laden.
Next some lumbering wheel, push'd out of the track by the pressure,
Went to the edge of the roadway: the vehicle fell in the ditch then,
Rolling right over, and throwing, in falling, the men who were in it
Far in the field, screaming loudly, their persons, however, uninjured.
Then the boxes roll'd off and tumbled close to the wagon.
Those who saw them falling full surely expected to see them
Smash'd' to pieces beneath the weight of the chests and the presses.
So the wagon lay broken, and those that it carried were helpless,
For the rest of the train went on, and hurriedly pass'd them,
Thinking only of self, and carried away by the current.
So we sped to the spot, and found the sick and the aged
Who, when at home and in bed could scarcely endure their sad ailments,
Lying there on the ground, all sighing and groaning in anguish,
Stifled by clouds of dust, and scorch'd by the fierce sun of summer."

'Then replied in tones of compassion the sensitive landlord:—

“Hermann I trust will find them and give them refreshment and clothing.

I should unwillingly see them; I grieve at the sight of such sorrow.

Touch'd by the earliest news of the sad extent of the suff'ring,

Hastily sent we a trifle from out of our superabundance, Just to comfort a few, and then our minds were more easy.

Now let us cease to discourse on such a sorrowful subject,

For men's hearts are easily overshadow'd by terror, And by care, more odious far to me than misfortune.

Now let us go to a cooler place, the little back-parlor;

There the sun never shines, and the walls are so thick that the hot air

Never can enter; and mother shall forthwith bring us a glass each

Full of fine Eighty-three, well fitted to drive away trouble.

This is a bad place for drinking; the flies *will* hum round the glasses.”

So they all went inside, enjoying themselves in the coolness.

Then in a well-cut flask the mother carefully brought them

Some of that clear, good wine, upon a bright metal waiter,

With those greenish rummers, the fittingest goblets for Rhine wine.

So the three sat together, around the glistening polish'd

Circular large brown table—on massive feet it was planted.

Merrily clink'd together the glasses of host and of pastor,

But the other one thoughtfully held his glass without moving,

And in friendly fashion the host thus ask'd him to join them:—

“ Drink, good neighbor, I pray! A merciful God has
protected
Us in the past from misfortune, and will protect us in
future.
All must confess that since He thought fit to severely
chastise us,
When that terrible fire occur’d, He has constantly
bless’d us,
And watch’d over us constantly, just as man is accus-
tom’d
His eye’s precious apple to guard, that dearest of mem-
bers.
Shall He not for the future preserve us, and be our Pro-
tector?
For ’tis in danger we learn to appreciate duly His Good-
ness.
This so flourishing town, which He built again from
its ashes
By the industrious hands of its burghers, and bless’d it
so richly,
Will He again destroy it, and render their toil unavail-
ing?”

Cheerfully answer’d the excellent pastor, in accents of
mildness:—
“ Steadfastly cling to this faith, and cherish such
worthy opinions;
In good fortune they’ll make you prudent, and then in
misfortune
Well-grounded hopes they’ll supply, and furnish you
true consolation.”

Then continued the host, with thoughts full of man-
hood and wisdom:—
“ Oft have I greeted with wonder the rolling flood of
the Rhine stream,
When, on my business trav’ling, I’ve once more come
to its borders.
Grand has it ever appear’d, exalting my feelings and
senses;
But I could never imagine that soon its beautiful margin
Into a wall be turn’d, to keep the French from our
country,

And its wide-spreading bed a ditch to hinder and check them.

So by Nature we're guarded, we're guarded by valorous Germans,

And by the Lord we're guarded; who then would foolishly tremble ?

Weary the combatants are, and all things indicate peace soon;

And when at length the long-expected festival's holden Here in our church, and the bells chime in with the organ in chorus,

And the trumpets are blowing, the noble Te Deum up-raising,

Then on that self-same day I fain would see, my good pastor,

Our dear Hermann kneel with his bride at the altar before you,

And the glad festival held through the length and breadth of the country

Will henceforward to me be a glad anniversary also!

But I am grieved to observe that the youth, who is always so active

When he is here at home, abroad is so slow and so timid.

Little at any time cares he to mix with the rest of the people;

Yes, he even avoids young maidens' society ever,

And the frolicsome dance, that great delight of young people."

Thus he spake, and then listen'd. The sound of the stamping of horses

Drawing nearer was heard; and then the roll of the carriage,

Which, with impetuous speed, now thunder'd under the gateway.

II. TERPSICHORE.

HERMANN.

THEN when into the room the well-built son made his entry,
Straightway with piercing glances the minister eyed him intently,
And with carefulness watch'd his looks and the whole of his bearing,
With an inquiring eye which easily faces decyphers;
Then he smiled, and with cordial words address'd him as follows:—
“How you are changed in appearance, my friend! I never have seen you
Half so lively before; your looks are thoroughly cheerful.
You have return'd quite joyous and merry. You've doubtless divided
All of the presents amongst the poor, their blessings receiving.”

Then in calm accents replied the son, with gravity speaking:—
“Whether I've laudably acted, I know not; I follow'd the impulse
Of my own heart, as now I'll proceed to describe with exactness.
Mother you rummaged so long, in looking over old pieces,
And in making your choice, that 'twas late when the bundle was ready,
And the wine and the beer were slowly and carefully pack'd up.
When I at length emerged at the gate, and came on the highway,
Streams of citizens met I returning, with women and children,

For the train of the exiles had long disappear'd in the distance.

So I quicken'd my pace, and hastily drove to the village Where I had heard that to-night to rest and to sleep they intended.

Well, as I went on my way, the newly-made causeway ascending,

Suddenly saw I a wagon, of excellent timber constructed,

Drawn by a couple of oxen, the best and the strongest of foreign.

Close beside it there walk'd, with sturdy footsteps, a maiden,

Guiding the two strong beasts with a long kind of staff, which with skill she

Knew how to use, now driving, and now restraining their progress.

When the maiden observed me, she quietly came near the horses,

And address'd me as follows:—' Our usual condition, believe me,

Is not so sad as perchance you might judge from our present appearance.

I am not yet accustom'd to ask for alms from a stranger, Who so often but gives, to rid himself of a beggar.

But I'm compell'd to speak by necessity. Here on the straw now

Lies the lately-confined poor wife of a wealthy land-owner,

Whom with much trouble I managed to save with oxen and wagon.

We were late in arriving, and scarcely with life she escapèd.

Now the newly-born child in her arms is lying, all naked,

And our friends will be able to give them but little assistance,

E'en if in the next village, to which to-night we are going,

We should still find them, although I fear they have left it already.

If you belong to the neighborhood, any available linen These poor people will deem a most acceptable present.'

“ Thus she spake, and wearily raised herself the pale
patient
Up from the straw and gazed upon me, while thus I
made answer:—
‘ Oft doth a heavenly spirit whisper to kind-hearted
people,
So that they feel the distress o’er their poorer brethren
impending;
For my mother, your troubles foreboding, gave me a
bundle
Ready prepared for relieving the wants of those who
were naked.’
Then I loosen’d the knots of the cord, and the dressing-
gown gave her
Which belong’d to my father, and gave her some shirts
and some linen,
And she thank’d me with joy and said:—‘ The fortunate
know not
How ’tis that miracles happen; we only discover in sor-
row
God’s protecting finger and hand, extended to beckon
Good men to good. May your kindness to us by Him
be requited.’
And I saw the poor patient joyfully handling the
linen,
Valuing most of all the soft flannel, the dressing-gown
lining.
Then the maid thus address’d her:—‘ Now let us haste
to the village
Where our friends are resting, to-night intending to
sleep there;
There I will straightway attend to whate’er for the in-
fant is needed.’
Then she saluted me too, her thanks most heartily
giving,
Drove the oxen, the wagon went on. I linger’d behind
them,
Holding my horses rein’d back, divided between two
opinions,
Whether to hasten ahead, reach the village, the viands
distribute,
’Mongst the rest of the people, or give them forthwith
to the maiden,

So that she might herself divide them amongst them
with prudence.

Soon I made up my mind, and follow'd after her softly,
Overtook her without delay, and said to her quickly:—
'Maiden, it was not linen alone that my mother pro-
vided

And in the carriage placed, as clothing to give to the
naked,

But she added meat, and many an excellent drink too;
And I have got quite a stock stow'd away in the boot
of the carriage.

Well, I have taken a fancy the rest of the gifts to deposit
In your hands, and thus fulfil to the best my com-
mission;

You will divide them with prudence, whilst I my fate
am obeying.'

Then the maiden replied:—' With faithfulness I will dis-
tribute

All your gifts, and the needy shall surely rejoice at your
bounty.'

Thus she spake, and I hastily open'd the boot of the car-
riage,

Took out the hams (full heavy they were) and took out
the bread-stuffs,

Flasks of wine and beer, and handed the whole of them
over.

Gladly would I have given her more, but empty the
boot was.

Straightway she pack'd them away at the feet of the
patient, and forthwith

Started again, whilst I hasten'd back to the town with
my horses."

Then when Hermann had ended his story, the garrulous
neighbor

Open'd his mouth and exclaim'd:—" only deem the
man happy .

Who lives alone in his house in these days of flight and
confusion,

Who has neither wife nor children cringing beside him!
I feel happy at present; I hate the title of father:

Care of children and wife in these days would be a sad
drawback.

Often have I bethought me of flight, and have gather'd
together

All that I deem most precious, the antique gold and the
jewels

Worn by my late dear mother, not one of which has
been sold yet.

Much indeed is left out, that is not so easily carried.

Even the herbs and the roots, collected with plenty of
trouble,

I should be sorry to lose, though little in value they
may be.

If the dispenser remains, I shall leave my house in good
spirits;

If my ready money is saved, and my body, why truly
All is saved, for a bachelor easily flies when 'tis needed."

"Neighbor," rejoined forthwith young Hermann, with
emphasis speaking:—

"Altogether I differ, and greatly blame your opinions.
Can that man be deem'd worthy, who both in good and
ill fortune

Thinks alone of himself, and knows not the secret of
sharing

Sorrows and joys with others, and feel no longing to
do so?

I could more easily now than before determine to
marry;

Many an excellent maiden needs a husband's protection,
Many a man a cheerful wife, when sorrow's before
him."

Smilingly said then the father:—"I'm pleas'd to hear
what you're saying,

Words of such wisdom have seldom been utter'd by you
in my presence."

Then his good mother broke in, in her turn, with viva-
city speaking:—

"Son, you are certainly right. We parents set the ex-
ample.

'Twas not in time of pleasure that we made choice of
each other,

And 'twas the saddest of hours that knitted us closely
together.

Monday morning—how well I remember! the very day
after
That most terrible fire occur'd which burnt down the
borough,
Twenty years ago now; the day, like to-day, was a
Sunday,
Hot and dry was the weather, and little available water.
All the inhabitants, clothed in their festival garments,
were walking.
Scatter'd about in the inns and the mills of the neigh-
boring hamlets.
At one end of the town the fire broke out, and the
flames ran
Hastily all through the streets, impell'd by the draught
they created.
And the barns were consumed, where all the rich harvest
was gather'd.
And all the streets as far as the market; the dwelling
house also
Of my father hard by was destroy'd, as likewise was
this one.
Little indeed could we save; I sat the sorrowful night
through
On the green of the town, protecting the beds and the
boxes.
Finally sleep overtook me, and when by the cool breeze
of morning
Which dies away when the sun arises I was awaken'd,
Saw I the smoke and the glow, and the half-consumed
walls and the chimneys.
Then my heart was sorely afflicted; but soon in his
glory
Rose the sun more brilliant than ever, my spirits reviving.
Then in haste I arose, impell'd the site to revisit
Where our dwelling had stood, to see if the chickens
were living
Which I especially loved; for childlike I still was by
nature.
But when over the ruins of courtyard and house I was
climbing,
Which still smoked and saw my dwelling destroy'd and
deserted,
You came up on the other side, the ruins exploring.

You had a horse shut up in his stall; the still-glowing
rafters

Over it lay, and rubbish, and nought could be seen of
the creature.

Over against each other we stood, in doubt and in sorrow,
For the wall had fallen which used to sever our court-
yards;

And you grasp'd my hand, addressing me softly as fol-
lows:—

'Lizzy, what here are you doing? Away! Your soles
you are burning,

For the rubbish is hot, and is scorching my boots which
are thicker.'

Then you lifted me up, and carried me off through your
courtyard.

There still stood the gateway before the house, with its
arch'd roof,

Just as it now is standing, the only thing left remaining.

And you set me down and kiss'd me, and I tried to stop
you,

But you presently said, with kindly words full of mean-
ing:—

'See, my house is destroy'd! Stop here and help me to
build it,

I in return will help to rebuild the house of your father.'

I understood you not, till you sent to my father your
mother,

And ere long our marriage fulfill'd the troth we soon
plighted.

Still to this day I remember with pleasure the half-con-
sumed rafters,

Still do I see the sun in all his majesty rising,

For on that day I gain'd my husband; the son of my
youth too

Gained I during that earliest time of the wild desolation.

Therefore commend I you, Hermann, for having with
confidence guileless

Turn'd towards marriage your thoughts in such a
period of mourning,

And for daring to woo in war and over the ruins.—"

Then the father straightway replied, with eagerness
speaking:—

“Sensible is your opinion, and true is also the story
Which you have told us, good mother, for so did ev’ry-
thing happen.

But what is better is better. ’Tis not the fortune of all
men

All their life and existence to find decided beforehand;
All are not doom’d to such troubles as we and others
have suffer’d.

O, how happy is he whose careful father and mother
Have a house ready to give him, which he can success-
fully manage!

All beginnings are hard, and most so the landlord’s pro-
fession.

Numberless things a man must have, and ev’rything daily
Dearer becomes, so he needs to scrape together more
money.

So I am hoping that you, dear Hermann, will shortly
be bringing

Home to us a bride possessing an excellent dowry,
For a worthy husband deserves a girl who is wealthy,
And ’tis a capital thing for the wish’d-for wife to bring
with her

Plenty of suitable articles stow’d in her baskets and
boxes.

Not in vain for years does the mother prepare for her
daughter

Stocks of all kinds of linen, both finest and strongest in
texture;

Not in vain do god-parents give them presents of silver,
Or the father lay by in his desk a few pieces of money.
For she hereafter will gladden, with all her goods and
possessions,

That happy youth who is destined from out of all others
to choose her.

Yes! I know how pleasant it makes a house for a young
wife,

When she finds her own property placed in the rooms
and the kitchen,

And when she herself has cover’d the bed and the table.
Only well-to-do brides should be seen in a house, I con-
sider,

For a poor one is sure at last to be scorn’d by her hus-
band,

And he'll deem her a jade who as jade first appear'd
with her bundle.

Men are always unjust, but moments of love are but
transient.

Yes, my Hermann, you greatly would cheer the old age
of your father

If you soon would bring home a daughter-in-law to
console me,

Out of the neighborhood too,—yes, out of yon dwell-
ing,—the green one!

Rich is the man, in truth; his trade and his manufac-
tures

Make him daily richer, for when does a merchant not
prosper?

He has only three daughters; the whole of his wealth
they'll inherit.

True the eldest's already engaged; but then there's the
second,

And the third, who still (not for long) may be had for
the asking.

Had I been in your place, I should not till this time
have waited;

Bring home one of the girls, as I brought your mother
before you."

Then, with modesty, answer'd the son his impetuous
father:—

"Truly my wish was, like yours, to marry one of the
daughters

Of our neighbor. We all, in fact, were brought up to-
gether,

Sported in youthful days near the fountain adjoining
the market,

And from the rudeness of boys I often managed to save
them.

But those days have long pass'd; the maidens grew up,
and with reason

Stop now at home and avoid the rougher pastimes of
childhood.

Well brought up with a vengeance they are! To please
you, I sometimes

Went to visit them, just for the sake of olden ac-
quaintance;

But I was never much pleased at holding intercourse
with them,
For they were always finding fault, and I had to bear it:
First my coat was too long, the cloth too coarse, and
the color
Far too common, my hair was cut and curl'd very
badly.
I at last was thinking of dressing myself like the shop-
boys,
Who are accusom'd on Sundays to show off their per-
sons up yonder,
And round whose coats in summer half-silken tatters are
hanging.
But ere long I discover'd they only intended to fool me;
This was very annoying, my pride was offended, but
more still
Felt I deeply wounded that they so mistook the good
feelings
Which I cherish'd towards them, especially Minnie, the
youngest.
Well, I went last Easter, politely to pay them a visit,
And I wore the new coat now hanging up in the closet,
And was frizzled and curl'd, like all the rest of the
youngsters.
When I enter'd, they titter'd; but that didn't very much
matter.
Minnie sat at the piano, the father was present amongst
them,
Pleased with his daughter's singing, and quite in a
jocular humor.
Little could I understand of the words in the songs she
was singing,
But I constantly heard of Pamina, and then of Tamino,*
And I fain would express my opinion; so when she had
ended,
I ask'd questions respecting the text, and who were the
persons.
All were silent and smiled; but presently answer'd the
father:—
'Did you e'er happen, my friend, to hear of Eve or of
Adam?'

* Characters in Mozart's Zauberflöte.

Then no longer restrain'd they themselves, the girls
burst out laughing,
All the boys laugh'd loudly, the old man's sides appear'd
splitting.

In my confusion I let my hat fall down, and the titt'ring
Lasted all the time the singing and playing continued.
Then I hasten'd home ashamed and full of vexation,
Hung up my coat in the closet, and put my hair in disorder

With my fingers, and swore ne'er again to cross o'er
their threshold.

And I'm sure I was right; for they are all vain and un-
loving.

And I hear they're so rude as to give me the nickname
Tamino."

Then the mother rejoin'd:—"You're wrong, dear Her-
mann, to harbor

Angry feelings against the children, for they are but
children,

Minnie's an excellent girl, and has a tenderness for you;
Lately she ask'd how you were. Indeed, I wish you
would choose her!"

Then the son thoughtfully answer'd:—"I know not
why, but the fact is

My annoyance has graven itself in my mind, and here-
after

I could not bear at the piano to see her, or list to her
singing."

But the father sprang up, and said, in words full of
anger:—

"Little comfort you give me, in truth! I always have
said it,

When you took pleasure in horses, and cared for noth-
ing but fieldwork;

That which the servants of prosperous people perform
as their duty,

You yourself do; meanwhile the father his son must
dispense with,

Who in his honor was wont to court the rest of the
townsfolk.

Thus with empty hopes your mother early deceived me,
When your reading, and writing, and learning at school
ne'er succeeded

Like the rest of the boys, and so you were always the
lowest.

This all comes from a youth not possessing a due sense
of honor,

And not having the spirit to try to raise his position.

Had my father but cared for me, as I have for you, sir,
Sent me to school betimes, and given me proper in-
structors,

I should not merely have been the host of the famed
Golden Lion."

But the son arose, and approach'd the doorway in
silence,

Slowly, and making no noise; but then the father in
dudgeon

After him shouted:—"Be off! I know you're an obsti-
nate fellow!

Go and look after the business; else I shall scold you
severely;

But don't fancy I'll ever allow you to bring home in
triumph

As my daughter-in-law any boorish impudent hussy.

Long have I lived in the world, and know how to
manage most people,

Know how to entertain ladies and gentlemen, so that
they leave me

In good humor, and know how to flatter a stranger
discreetly.

But my daughter-in-law must have useful qualities also,
And be able to soften my manifold cares and vexations.

She must also play on the piano, that all the best people
Here in the town may take pleasure in often coming to
see us,

As in the house of our neighbor the merchant happens
each Sunday."

Softly the son at these words raised the latch, and left
the apartment.

III. THALIA.

THE BURGHERS.

Thus did the prudent son escape from the hot conversation,

But the father continued precisely as he had begun it:—
“What is not in a man can never come out of him, surely!

Never, I fear, shall I see fulfill'd my dearest of wishes,
That my son should be unlike his father, but better.

What would be the fate of a house or town, if its inmates

Did not all take pride in preserving, renewing, improving,

As we are taught by the age, and by the wisdom of strangers?

Man is not born to spring out of the ground, just like a mere mushroom,

And to rot away soon in the very place that produced him!

Leaving behind him no trace of what he has done in his lifetime.

One can judge by the look of a house of the taste of its master,

As on ent'ring a town, one can judge the authorities' fitness.

For where the towers and walls are falling, where in the ditches

Dirt is collected, and dirt in every street is seen lying,
Where the stones come out of their groove, and are not replaced there,

Where the beams are rotting, and vainly the houses are waiting

New supports; that town is sure to be wretchedly managed.

For where order and cleanliness reign not supreme in high places,

Then to dirt and delay the citizens soon get accustom'd,
Just as the beggar's accustom'd to wear his clothes full
of tatters.

Therefore I often have wish'd that Hermann would
start on his travels

Ere he's much older, and visit at any rate Strasburg and
Frankfort,

And that pleasant town, Mannheim, so evenly built and
so cheerful.

He who has seen such large and cleanly cities rests never
Till his own native town, however small he sees better'd.
Do not all strangers who visit us praise our well-
mended gateways,

And the well-whited tower, the church so neatly repair'd
too?

Do not all praise our pavements? Our well-arranged
cover'd-in conduits,

Always well furnish'd with water, utility blending with
safety,

So that a fire, whenever it happens, is straightway
extinguish'd,—

Is not this the result of that conflagration so dreadful?
Six times in Council I superintended the town's works,
receiving

Hearty thanks and assistance from every well-disposed
burgher.

How I design'd, follow'd up and ensured the comple-
tion of measures

Worthy men had projected, and afterwards left all
unfinish'd!

Finally, every man in Council took pleasure in working.
All put forth their exertions, and now they have finally
settled

That new highway to make, which will join our town
with the main road.

But I am greatly afraid that the young generation won't
act thus;

Some on the one hand think only of pleasure and trum-
pety dresses,

Others won't stir out of doors, and pass all their time by
the fireside,

And our Hermann, I fear, will always be one of this last
sort."

Forthwith to him replied the excellent sensible mother:—
“ Father, you’re always unjust whenever you speak of
your son, and
That is the least likely way to obtain your wishes’ fulfil
ment;
For we cannot fashion our children after our fancy.
We must have them and love them, as God has given
them to us,
Bring them up for the best, and let each do as he listeth.
One has one kind of gift, another possesses another,
Each one employs them, and each in turn in his separate
fashion
Good and happy becomes. My Hermann shall not be
upbraided,
For I know that he well deserves the wealth he’ll
inherit;
He’ll be an excellent landlord, a pattern to burghers and
peasants,
And, as I clearly foresee, by no means the last in the
Council.
But with your blame and reproaches, you daily dis-
hearten him sadly,
As you have done just now, and make the poor fellow
unhappy.”

Then she left the apartment, and after her son hasten’d
quickly,
Hoping somewhere to find him, and with her words of
affection
Gladden his heart, for he, the excellent son, well de-
served it.
Smilingly, when she had closed the door, continued the
father:—

“ What a wonderful race of people are women and
children!
All of them fain would do whatever pleases their fancy,
And we’re only allow’d to praise them and flatter
them freely.
Once for all there’s truth in the ancient proverb which
tells us:
He who moves not forward, goes backward! a capital
saying!”

Speaking with much circumspection, the druggist made answer as follows:—

“What you say, good neighbor, is certainly true, and my plan is

Always to think of improvement, provided tho’ new,
’tis not costly.

But what avails it in truth, unless one has plenty of money,
Active and fussy to be, improving both inside and outside?

Sadly confined are the means of a burgher; e’en when
he knows it,

Little that’s good he is able to do, his purse is too narrow,
And the sum wanted too great; and so he is always
prevented.

I have had plenty of schemes! but then I was terribly
frighten’d

At the expense, especially during a time of such danger.
Long had my house smiled upon me, decked out in
modish exterior,

Long had my windows with large panes of glass
resplendently glitter’d.

Who can compete with a merchant, however, who,
rolling in riches,

Also knows the manner in which what is best can be
purchased?

Only look at the house up yonder, the new one! how
handsome

Looks the stucco of those white scrolls on the green-
color’d panels!

Large are the plates of the windows; how shining and
brilliant the panes are,

Quite eclipsing the rest of the houses that stand in the
market!

Yet at the time of the fire, our two were by far the most
handsome,

Mine at the sign of the Angel, and yours at the old
Golden Lion.

Then my garden was famous throughout the whole
country, and strangers

Used to stop as they pass’d and peep through my red-
color’d palings

At my beggars of stone, and at my dwarfs, which wer’
painted.

He to whom I gave coffee inside my beautiful grotto,
Which, alas! is cover'd with dust and tumbling to
pieces,
Used to rejoice in the color'd glimmering light of the
mussels,
Ranged in natural order around it and connoisseurs
even
Used with dazzled eyes to gaze at the spars and the
coral.
Then, in the drawing-room, people look'd with delight
on the painting,
Where the prim ladies and gentlemen walked in the
garden demurely,
And with pointed fingers presented the flowers, and
held them.
Ah, if only such things were now to be seen! Little
care I
Now to go out; for everything needs to be alter'd and
tasteful,
As it is call'd; and white are the benches of wood and
the palings;
All things are simple and plain; and neither carving nor
gilding
Now are employ'd, and foreign timber is now all the
fashion.
I should be only too pleased to possess some novelty
also,
So as to march with the times, and my household furni-
ture alter.
But we all are afraid to make the least alteration,
For who is able to pay the present charges of workmen?
Lately a fancy possess'd me the angel Michael, whose
figure
Hangs up over my shop, to treat to a new coat of gild-
ing,
And the terrible Dragon, who round his feet is entwin-
ing;
But I have left him all brown; as he is; for the cost
quite alarm'd me."

IV. EUTERPE.

MOTHER AND SON.

THUS the men discoursèd together; and meanwhile the
mother
Went in search of her son,—at first in front of the
dwelling
On the bench of stone, for he was accusom'd to sit
there.
When she found him not there, she went to look in the
stable,
Thinking perchance he was feeding his splendid horses,
the stallions,
Which he had bought when foals, and which he
entrusted to no one.
But the servant inform'd her that he had gone to the
garden
Then she nimbly strode across the long double court-
yard,
Left the stables behind, and the barns all made of good
timber,
Enter'd the garden which stretch'd far away to the
walls of the borough,
Walk'd across it, rejoicing to see how all things were
growing,
Carefully straighten'd the props, on which the apple-
tree's branches,
Heavily loaded, reposed, and the weighty boughs of the
pear-tree,
Took a few caterpillars from off the strong-sprouting
cabbage;
For a bustling woman is never idle one moment.
In this manner she came to the end of the long-reaching
garden,
Where was the the arbor all cover'd with woodbine:
she found not her son there,
Nor was he to be seen in any part of the garden.

But she found on the latch the door which out of the
arbor
Through the wall of the town had been made by special
permission
During their ancestor's time, the worthy old burgomaster.
So she easily stepp'd across the dry ditch at the spot
where
On the highway abutted their well-enclosed excellent
vineyard,
Rising steeply upwards, its face tow'rd the sun turn'd
directly.
Up the hill she proceeded, rejoicing, as farther she
mounted,
At the size of the grapes, which scarcely were hid by
the foliage.
Shady and well-cover'd in, the middle walk at the top
was,
Which was ascended by steps of rough flat pieces con-
structed.
And within it were hanging fine chasselas and musca-
tels also,
And a reddish-blue grape, of quite an exceptional bigness,
All with carefulness planted, to give to their guests
after dinner.
But with separate stems the rest of the vineyard was
planted,
Smaller grapes producing, from which the finest wine
made is.
So she constantly mounted, enjoying in prospect the
autumn,
And the festal day when the neighborhood met with
rejoicing,
Picking and treading the grapes, and putting the must
in the wine vats,
Every corner and nook resounding at night with the
fireworks
Blazing and cracking away, due honor to pay to the
harvest.
But she uneasy became, when she in vain had been calling
Twice and three times her son, and when the sole
answer that reach'd her
Came from the garrulous echo which out of the town
towers issued.

Strange it appear'd to have to seek him; he never went
far off,
(As he before had told her) in order to ward off all
sorrow
From his dear mother, and her forebodings of coming
disaster.
But she still was expecting upon the highway to find
him,
For the doors at the bottom, like those at the top, of the
vineyard
Stood wide open; and so at length she enter'd the broad
field
Which, with its spreading expanse, o'er the whole of
the hill's back extended.
On their own property still she proceeded, greatly
rejoicing
At their own crops, and at the corn which nodded so
bravely,
Over the whole of the field in golden majesty waving.
Then on the border between the fields, she follow'd the
footpath,
Keeping her eye on the pear-tree fix'd, the big one,
which standing
Perch'd by itself on the top of the hill, their property
bounded.
Who had planted it, no one knew; throughout the
whole country
Far and wide was it visible; noted also its fruit was.
Under its shadow the reaper ate his dinner at noon-
day,
And the herdsman was wont to lie, when tending his
cattle.
Benches made of rough stones and of turf were placed
all about it.
And she was not mistaken; there sat her Hermann and
rested;
On his arm he was leaning, and seem'd to be looking
'cross country
Tow'ards the mountains beyond; his back was turn'd to
his mother.
Softly creeping up, she lightly tapp'd on his shoulder;
And he hastily turn'd; she saw that his eyes full of tears
were.

“Mother,” he said in confusion:—“You greatly surprise me!” and quickly
Wiped he away his tears, the noble and sensitive youngster.

“What! You are weeping, my son?” the startled mother continued:—

“That is indeed unlike you! I never before saw you crying!

Say, what has sadden’d your heart? What drives you to sit here all lonely

Under the shade of the pear-tree? What is it that makes you unhappy?”

Then the excellent youth collected himself, and made answer:—

“Truly that man can have no heart, but a bosom of iron,

Who no sympathy feels for the wants of unfortunate exiles;

He has no sense in his head who, in times of such deep tribulation,

Has no concern for himself or for his country’s well-being.

What I to-day have seen and heard, has stirred up my feelings;

Well, I have come up here, and seen the beautiful, spreading

Landscape, which in fruitful hills to our sight is presented,—

Seen the golden fruit of the sheaves all nodding together,
And a plentiful crop of fruit, full garners foreboding.

But, alas, how near is the foe! By the Rhine’s flowing waters

We are protected indeed; but what are rivers and mountains

To such a terrible nation, which hurries along like a tempest!

For they summon together the young and the old from all quarters,

Rushing wildly along, while the multitude little is caring
Even for death; when one falls, his place is straight

fill’d by another.

Ah! and can Germans dare to remain at home in their dwellings,

Thinking perchance to escape from the widely-threat'ning disaster?

Dearest mother, I tell you that I to-day am quite sorry That I was lately excused, when they selected the fighters

Out of the townsfolk. 'Tis true I'm an only son, and moreover

Large is our inn, and our business also is very important; Were it not better however for me to fight in the vanguard

On the frontier, than here to await disaster and bondage?

Yes, my spirit has told me, and in my innermost bosom Feel I courage and longing to live and die for my country,

And to others to set an example worthy to follow.

Oh, of a truth, if the strength of the German youths was collected

On the frontier, all bound by a vow not to yield to the stranger,

He on our noble soil should never set foot, or be able Under our eyes to consume the fruits of the land, or to issue

Orders unto our men, or despoil our women and maidens!

See, good mother, within my inmost heart I've determined

Soon and straightway to do what seems to me right and becoming;

For the man who thinks long, not always chooses what best is.

See, I will not return to the house, but will go from here straightway

Into the town, and there will place at the fighters' disposal

This stout arm and this heart, to serve, as I best can, my country.

Then let my father say whether feelings of honor are stirring

In my bosom or not, and whether I yearn to mount upwards "

Then with significance answer'd his good and sensible mother,

Shedding tears in silence, which easily rose in her eyelids:—

“Son, what has wrought so strange a change in your temper and feeling,

That you freely and openly speak to your mother no longer,

As you till yesterday did, nor tell her truly your wishes? If another had heard you speaking, he doubtless would praise you

Highly, and deem your new resolution as worthy of honor,

Being deceived by your words, and by your manner of speaking.

I however can only blame you. I know you much better.

You are concealing your heart, and very diff'rent your thoughts are;

For I am sure you care not at all for drum and for trumpet,

Nor, to please the maidens, care you to wear regiments.

For, though brave you may be, and gallant, your proper vocation

Is to remain at home, the property quietly watching.

Therefore tell me truly: What means this sudden decision?”

Earnestly answer'd the son:—“You are wrong, dear mother, one day is

Unlike another. The youth soon ripens into his manhood.

Ofttimes he ripens better to action in silence, than living That tumultuous noisy life which ruins so many.

And though silent I have been, and am, a heart has been fashion'd

Inside my bosom, which hates whatever unfair and unjust is,

And I am able right well to discriminate secular matters.

Work moreover my arms and my feet has mightily strengthen'd.

All that I tell you is true; I boldly venture to say so.

And yet, mother, you blame me with reason; you've
caught me employing
Words that are only half true, and that serve to conceal
my true feelings.
For I must need confess, it is not the advent of
danger
Calls me away from my father's house, nor a resolute
purpose
Useful to be to my country, and dreaded to be by the
foeman.
Words alone it was that I utter'd,—words only in-
tended
Those deep feelings to hide which within my breast are
contending.
And now leave me, my mother! For as in my bosom
I cherish
Wishes that are but vain, my life will be to no purpose.
For I know that the Unit who makes a self-sacrifice,
only
Injures himself, unless all endeavor the Whole to accom-
plish."

"Now continue," replied forthwith his sensible
mother:—
"Tell me all that has happen'd, the least as well as the
greatest;
Men are always hasty, and only remember the last
thing,
And the hasty are easily forced from the road by ob-
structions.
But a woman is skilful, and full of resources, and scorns
not
Bye-roads to traverse when needed, well-skill'd to accom-
plish her purpose.
Tell me then all, and why you are stirr'd by such vio-
lent feelings
More than I ever have seen, while the blood is boiling
within you,
And from your eyes the tears against your will fain
would fall now."

Then the youth gave way to his sorrow, and burst into
weeping,

Weeping aloud on the breast of his mother, and softly replying:—

“ Truly, my father’s words to-day have wounded me sadly,

Never have I deserved at his hands such treatment,—no, never!

For to honor my parents was always my wish from my childhood,

No one ever appear’d so prudent and wise as my parents,

Who in the darker days of childhood carefully watch’d me.

Much indeed it has been my lot to endure from my playmates,

When with their knavish pranks they used to embitter my temper.

Often I little suspected the tricks they were playing upon me:

But if they happen’d to ridicule Father, when ever on Sundays

Out of church he came with his slow deliberate footsteps, If they laugh’d at the strings of his cap, and his dressing-gown’s flowers,

Which he in stately wise wore, and to-day at length has discarded,

Then in a fury I clench’d my fist, and, storming and raging,

Fell upon them and hit and struck with terrible onslaught,

Heedless where my blows fell. With bleeding noses they hallooed,

And could scarcely escape from the force of my blows and my kicking.

Then, as in years I advanced, I had much to endure from my father,

Who, in default of others to blame, would often abuse me,

When at the Council’s last sitting his anger perchance was excited,

And I the penalty paid of the squabbles and strife of his colleagues.

You yourself have oft pitied me; I endured it with patience,

Always rememb'ring the much-to-be-honor'd kindness
of parents,

Whose only thought is to swell for our sakes their goods
and possessions,

And who deprive themselves of much, to save for their
children.

But, alas, not saving alone for enjoyment hereafter,
Constitutes happiness, no, not heaps of gold or of
silver,

Neither field upon field, however compact the estate be.
For the father grows old, and his son at the same time
grows older,

Feeling no joy in To-day, and full of care for To-mor-
row

Now look down from this height, and see how beau-
teous before us

Lies the fair rich expanse, with vineyard and gardens
at bottom;

There are the stables and barns, and the rest of the pro-
perty likewise;

There I also descry the back of our house, in the gables
Of the roof may be seen the window of my small apart-
ment.

When I remember the time when I used to look out for
the moon there

Half through the night, or perchance at morning
awaited the sunrise,

When with but few hours of healthy sleep I was fully
contented,

Ah, how lonely do all things appear! My chamber, the
court, and

Garden, the beautiful field which spreads itself over the
hillside;

All appears but a desert to me; I still am unmarried!"

Then his good mother answer'd his speech in a sensible
manner:—

"Son, your wish to be able to lead your bride to her
chamber,

Turning the night to the dearest and happiest half of
your lifetime,

Making your work by day more truly free and unfet-
ter'd,

Cannot be greater than that of your father and mother.

We always

Urged you,—commanded, I even might say,—to choose some fair maiden.

But I know full well, and my heart has told me already:—

If the right hour arrives not, or if the right maiden appears not

Instantly when they are sought for, man's choice is thrown in confusion,

And he is driven by fear to seize what is counterfeit only.

If I may tell you, my son, your choice already is taken,

For your heart is smitten, and sensitive more than is usual.

Answer me plainly, then, for my spirit already has told me:

She who now you have chosen is that poor emigrant maiden!"

"Yes, dear mother, you're right!" the son with vivacity answer'd:—

"Yes, it is she! And unless this very day I conduct her Home as my bride, she will go on her way and escape me forever,

In the confusion of war, and in moving backwards and forwards.

Mother, then before my eyes, will in vain be unfolded All our rich estate, and each year henceforward be fruitful.

Yes, the familiar house and the garden will be my aversion.

Ah, and the love of my mother no comfort will give to my sorrow,

For I feel that by Love each former bond must be loosen'd,

When her own bonds she knits; 'tis not the maiden alone who

Leaves her father and mother behind, when she follows her husband,

So it is with the youth; no more he knows mother and father,

When he beholds the maiden, the only beloved one, approaching.
Therefore let me go hence, to where desperation may lead me,
For my father already has spoken in words of decision,
And his house no longer is mine, if he shuts out the maiden
Whom alone I would fain take home as my bride from henceforward."

Then the excellent sensible mother answer'd with quickness:—

"Men are precisely like rocks when they stand opposed to each other!

Proud and unyielding, the one will never draw near to the other.

Neither will suffer his tongue to utter the first friendly accent.

Therefore I tell you, my son, a hope still exists in my bosom.

If she is worthy and good, he will give his consent to your marriage,

Poor though she be, and although with disdain he refused you the poor thing.

For in his hot-headed fashion he utters many expressions

Which he never intends; and so will accept the Refused One.

But he requires kind words, and has a right to require them,

For your father he is; his anger is all after dinner,
When he more eagerly speaks, and questions the reasons of others,

Meaning but little thereby; the wine then excites all the vigor

Of his impetuous will, and prevents him from giving due weight to

Other people's opinions; he hears and he feels his own only.

But when evening arrives, the tone of the many discourses

Which his friends and himself hold together, is very much alter'd.

Milder, becomes he as soon as his liquor's effects have
passed over,
And he feels the injustice his eagerness did unto others
Come, we will venture at once! Success the reward is
of boldness,
And we have need of the friends who now have assem-
bled around him.
Most of all we shall want the help of our excellent
pastor."

Thus she eagerly spoke, and leaving the stone that she
sat on,
Also lifted her son from his seat. He willingly follow'd,
And they descended in silence, revolving the weighty
proposal.

V. POLYHYMNIA.

THE COSMOPOLITE.

BUT the Three, as before were still sitting and talking
together,
With the landlord, the worthy divine, and also the drug-
gist,
And their conversation still concern'd the same subject,
Which in every form they had long been discussing to-
gether.
Full of noble thoughts, the excellent pastor continued:
"I can't contradict you. I know 'tis the duty of mor-
tals
Ever to strive for improvement; and, as we may see,
they strive also
Ever for that which is higher, at least what is new they
seek after,
But don't hurry too fast! For combined with these feel-
ings, kind Nature
Also has given us pleasure in dwelling on that which is
ancient,

And in clinging to that to which we have long been
accustom'd.

Each situation is good that's accordant to nature and
reason.

Many things man desires, and yet he has need of but
little;

For but short are the days, and confined is the lot of a
mortal.

I can never blame the man who, active and restless,
Hurries along, and explores each corner of earth and
the ocean

Boldly and carefully, while he rejoices at seeing the
profits

Which round him and his family gather themselves in
abundance.

But I also duly esteem the peaceable burgher,
Who with silent steps his paternal inheritance paces,
And watches over the earth, the seasons carefully
noting.

'Tis not every year that he finds his property alter'd;
Newly-planted trees cannot stretch out their arms to-
w'rds the heavens

All in a moment, adorn'd with beautiful buds in abun-
dance.

No, a man has need of patience, he also has need of
Pure unruffled tranquil thoughts, and an intellect
honest,

For to the nourishing earth few seeds at a time he
entrusteth,

Few are the creatures he keeps at a time, with a view
to their breeding,

For what is Useful alone remains the first thought of
his lifetime.

Happy the man to whom Nature a mind thus attuned
may have given!

'Tis by him that we all are fed. And happy the towns-
man

Of the small town who unites the vocations of town
and of country.

He is exempt from the pressure by which the poor
farmer is worried,

Is not perplex'd by the citizens' cares and soaring am-
bition,

Who, with limited means,—especially women and maidens,—
Think of nothing but aping the ways of the great and the wealthy,
You should therefore bless your son's disposition so peaceful,
And the like-minded wife whom we soon may expect him to marry."

Thus he spoke. At that moment the mother and son stood before them.
By the hand she lead him and placed him in front of her husband:—
"Father," she said, "how often have we, when talking together,
Thought of that joyful day in the future, when Hermann, selecting
After long waiting his bride, at length would make us both happy!
All kinds of projects we form'd; designing first one, then another
Girl as his wife, as we talk'd in the manner that parents delight in.
Now the day has arrived; and now has his bride been conducted
Hither and shown him by Heaven; his heart at length has decided.
Were we not always saying that he should choose for himself, and
Were you not lately wishing that he might feel for a maiden
Warm and heart-felt emotions? And now has arrived the right moment!
Yes, he has felt and has chosen, and like a man has decided.
That fair maiden it is, the Stranger whom he encounter'd.
Give her him; else he'll remain—he has sworn it—unmarried for ever."

And the son added himself:—"My father, O give her! My heart has
Chosen purely and truly; she'll make you an excellent daughter."

But the father was silent. Then suddenly rose the good pastor,

And address'd him as follows: "One single moment's decisive

Both of the life of a man, and of the whole of his Future.

After lengthen'd reflection, each resolution made by him

Is but the work of a moment; the prudent alone seized the right one.

Nothing more dangerous is, in making a choice, than revolving

First this point and then that, and so confusing the feelings.

Pure is Hermann's mind; from his youth I have known him; he never,

Even in boyhood, was wont to extend his hand hither and thither.

What he desired was suitable to him; he held to it firmly.

Be not astonish'd and scared, because there appears on a sudden

What you so long have desired. 'Tis true the appearance at present

Bears not the shape of the wish, as you in your mind had conceived it.

For our wishes conceal the thing that we wished for; our gifts too

Come from above upon us, each clad in its own proper figure

Do not now mistake the maiden who has succeeded

First in touching the heart of your good wise son, whom you love so.

Happy is he who is able to clasp the hand of his first love,

And whose dearest wish is not doom'd to pine in his bosom!

Yes, I can see by his face, already his fate is decided;

True affection converts the youth to a man in a moment.

He little changeable is; I fear me, if this you deny him,

All the fairest years of his life will be changed into sorrow."

Then in prudent fashion the druggist, who long had
been wanting

His opinion to give, rejoin'd in the following manner:—

“This is just a case when the middle course is the
wisest!

‘Hasten slowly,’ you know, was the motto of Cæsar
Augustus.

I am always ready to be of use to my neighbors,
And to turn to their profit what little wits I can boast of.
Youth especially needs the guidance of those who are
older.

Let me then depart; I fain would prove her, that maiden,
And will examine the people ’mongst whom she lives,
and who know her.

I am not soon deceived; I know how to rate their opin-
ions.”

Then forthwith replied the son, with eagerness speak-
ing:—

“Do so, neighbor, and go, and make your inquiries.
However,

I should greatly prefer that our friend, the pastor, went
with you;

Two such excellent men are witnesses none can find
fault with.

O, my father! the maiden no vagabond is, I assure you.
No mere adventurer, wand’ring about all over the
country.

And deceiving the inexperienced youths with her cun-
ning;

No! the harsh destiny link’d with this war, so destruc-
tive of all things,

Which is destroying the world, and already has wholly
uprooted

Many a time-honor’d fabric, has driven the poor thing
to exile.

Are not brave men of noble birth now wand’ring in
mis’ry?

Princes are fleeing disguised, and monarchs in banish-
ment living.

Ah, and she also herself, the best of her sisters, is driven
Out of her native land; but her own misfortunes for-
getting.

Others she seeks to console, and, though helpless, is
also most helpful.
Great are the woes and distress which over the earth's
face are brooding,
But may happiness not be evoked from out of this sor-
row?
May not I, in the arms of my bride, the wife I have
chosen,
Even rejoice at the war, as you at the great conflagra-
tion?"

Then replied the father, and open'd his mouth with im-
portance:—

“Strangely indeed, my son, has your tongue been sud-
denly loosen'd,
Which for years has stuck in your mouth, and moved
there but rarely!

I to-day must experience that which threatens each
father:

How the ardent will of a son a too-gentle mother
Willingly favors, whilst each neighbor is ready to back
him,

Only provided it be at the cost of a father or husband!
But what use would it be to resist so many together?

For I see that defiance and tears will otherwise greet me.
Go and prove her, and in God's name then hasten to
bring her

Home as my daughter; if not, he must think no more
of the maiden.”

Thus spake the father. The son exclaim'd with jubilant
gesture:—

“Ere the ev'ning arrives, you shall have the dearest of
daughters,

Such as the man desires whose bosom is govern'd by
prudence;

And I venture to think the good creature is fortunate
also.

Yes, she will ever be grateful that I her father and mother
Have restored her in you, as sensible children would
wish it.

But I will loiter no longer; I'll straightway harness the
horses,

And conduct our friends on the traces of her whom I
love so.

Leave the men to themselves and their own intuitive
wisdom,

And be guided alone by their decision,—I swear it,—
And not see the maiden again, until she my own is.”

Then he left the house; meanwhile the others were
eagerly

Settling many a point, and the weighty matter debat-
ing.

Hermann sped to the stable forthwith, where the spir-
ited stallions

Tranquilly stood and with eagerness swallow'd the pure
oats before them,

And the well-dried hay, which was cut from the best of
their meadows.

Then in eager haste in their mouths the shining bits
placed he,

Quickly drew the harness through the well-plated
buckles.

And then fasten'd the long broad reins in proper posi-
tion,

Led the horses out in the yard, where already the car-
riage,

Easily moved along by its pole, had been push'd by the
servant

Then they restrain'd the impetuous strength of the fast-
moving horses,

Fastening both with neat-looking ropes to the bar of the
carriage.

Hermann seized his whip, took his seat, and drove to
the gateway.

When in the roomy carriage his friends had taken their
places,

Swiftly he drove away, and left the pavement behind
them,

Left behind the walls of the town and the clean-looking
towers.

Thus sped Hermann along, till he reach'd the familiar
highway,

Not delaying a moment, and galloping uphill and down-
hill.

When however at length the village steeple descried he,
And not far away lay the houses surrounded by gardens,
He began to think it was time to hold in the horses.

- By the time-honor'd gloom of noble lime-trees o'er-
shadow'd,
Which for many a century past on the spot had been
rooted,
Stood there a green and spreading grass-plot in front
of the village,
Cover'd with turf, for the peasants and neighboring
townsmen a playground.
Scoop'd out under the trees, to no great depth, stood a
fountain.
On descending the steps, some benches of stone might
be seen there,
Ranged all round the spring, which ceaselessly well'd
forth its waters,
Cleanly, enclosed by a low wall all round, and conven-
ient to draw from.
Hermann then determined beneath the shadow his horses
With the carriage to stop. He did so, and spoke then
as follows:—
“ Now, my friends, get down, and go by yourselves to
discover
Whether the maiden is worthy to have the hand which
I offer.
I am convinced that she is; and you'll bring me no new
or strange story:
Had I to manage alone, I would straightway go off to
the village,
And in few words should my fate by the charming
creature be settled..
Her you will easily recognize 'mongst all the rest of the
people,
For her appearance is altogether unlike that of others.
But I will now describe the modest dress she is wear-
ing:—
First a bodice red her well-arch'd bosom upraises,
Prettily tied, while black are the stays fitting closely
around her.
Then the seams of the ruff she has carefully plaited and
folded,

Which, with modest grace, her chin so round is encir-
cling.
Free and joyously rises her head with its elegant
oval,
Strongly round bodkins of silver her back-hair is many
times twisted;
Her blue well-plaited gown begins from under her
bodice,
And as she walks envelopes her well-turn'd ankles com-
pletely.
But I have one thing to say, and this must expressly
entreat you:
Do not speak to the maiden, and let not your scheme be
discover'd.
But inquire of others, and hearken to all that they tell
you,
When you have learnt enough to satisfy father and
mother,
Then return to me straight, and we'll settle future pro-
ceedings.
This is the plan which I have matured, while driving
you hither."

Thus he spoke, and the friends forthwith went on to
the village,
Where, in gardens and barns and houses, the multitude
crowded;
All along the broad road the numberless carts were col-
lected,
Men were feeding the lowing cattle and feeding the
horses.
Women on every hedge the linen were carefully
drying,
Whilst the children in glee were splashing about in the
streamlet.
Forcing their way through the wagons, and past the
men and the cattle,
Walk'd the ambassador spies, looking well to the right-
hand and lefthand,
Hoping somewhere to see the form of the well-described
maiden;
But wherever they look'd, no trace of the girl they dis-
cover'd.

Presently denser became the crowd. Round some of
the wagons
Men in a passion were quarrelling, women also were
screaming.
Then of a sudden approach'd an aged man with firm
footstep
Marching straight up to the fighters; and forthwith
was, hush'd the contention,
When he bade them be still, and with fatherly earnest-
ness threaten'd.
“Are we not yet,” he exclaim'd, “by misfortune so
knitted together,
As to have learnt at length the art of reciprocal patience
And toleration, though each cannot measure the actions
of others?
Prosperous men indeed may quarrel! Will sorrow not
teach you
How no longer as formerly you should quarrel with
brethren?
Each should give way to each other, when treading the
soil of the stranger,
And, as you hope for mercy yourselves, you should
share your possessions.”

Thus the man address'd them, and all were silent. In
peaceful
Humor the reconciled men look'd after their cattle and
wagons.
When the pastor heard the man discourse in this fash-
ion,
And the foreign magistrate's peaceful nature discov-
ered,
He approach'd him in turn, and used this significant
language:—
“Truly, Father, when nations are living in days of
good fortune,
Drawing their food from the earth, which gladly opens
its treasures,
And its wish'd-for gifts each year and each month is
renewing.
Then all matters go smoothly; each thinks himself far
the wisest,
And the best, and so they exist by the side of each other,

And the most sensible man no better than others is
reckon'd
For the world moves on, as if by itself and in silence.
But when distress unsettles our usual manner of living,
Pulls down each time-honor'd fabric, and roots up the
seed in our gardens,
Drives the man and his wife far away from the home
they delight in,
Hurries them off in confusion through days and nights
full of anguish,
Ah! then look we around in search of the man who is
wisest,
And no longer in vain he utters his words full of wis-
dom.
Tell me whether you be these fugitives' magistrate,
Father,
Over whose minds you appear to possess such an influ-
ence soothing?
Aye, to-day I could deem you one of the leaders of old
time,
Who through wastes and through deserts conducted
the wandering people;
I could imagine 'twas Joshua I am addressing, or
Moses."

Then, with solemn looks the magistrate answer'd as fol-
lows:—

"Truly the present times resemble the strangest of old
times,
Which are preserved in the pages of history, sacred or
common.
He in these days who has lived to-day and yesterday
only,
Many a year has lived, events so crowd on each other.
When I reflect back a little, a grey old age I could
fancy
On my head to be lying, and yet my strength is still
active.
Yes, we people in truth may liken ourselves to those
others
Unto whom in a fiery bush appear'd, in a solemn
Moment, the Lord our God; in fire and clouds *we* be-
hold him."

When the pastor would fain continue to speak on this
 subject,
 And was anxious to learn the fate of the man and his
 party,
 Quickly into his ear his companion secretly whisper'd:—
 "Speak for a time with the magistrate, turning your
 talk on the maiden,
 Whilst I wander about, endeav'ring to find her.
 Directly I am successful, I'll join you again." Then
 nodded the pastor,
 And the spy went to seek her, in barns and through
 hedges and gardens.

VI. KLIO.

THE AGE.

WHEN the pastor ask'd the foreign magistrate questions,
 What the people had suffer'd, how long from their
 homes they had wander'd,
 Then the man replied:—"By no means short are our
 sorrows,
 For we have drunk the bitters of many a long year to-
 gether,
 All the more dreadful, because our fairest hopes have
 been blighted.
 Who can deny that his heart beat wildly and high in his
 bosom,
 And that with purer pulses his breast more freely was
 throbbing.
 When the newborn sun first rose in the whole of its glory,
 When we heard of the right of man, to have all things
 in common,
 Heard of noble Equality, and of inspiring Freedom
 Each man then hoped to attain new life for himself, and
 the fetters
 Which had encircled many a land appear'd to be broken,
 Fetters held by the hands of sloth and selfish indul-
 gence.

Did not all nations turn their gaze, in those days of
emotion,
Tow'rd's the world's capital, which so many a long year
had been so,
And then more than ever deserved a name so distin-
guish'd?
Were not the men who first proclaim'd so noble a mes-
sage,
Names that are worthy to rank with the highest the sun
ever shone on,
Did not each give to mankind his courage and genius
and language?

“And we also, as neighbors, at first were warmly excited.
Presently after began the war, and the train of arm'd
Frenchmen
Nearer approach'd; at first they appear'd to bring with
them friendship,
And they brought it in fact; for all their souls were
exalted.
And the gay trees of liberty ev'rywhere gladly they
planted,
Promising unto each his own, and the government
long'd for.
Greatly at this was youth, and greatly old age was de-
lighted,
And the joyous dance began round the newly-raised
standards.
In this manner the overpowering Frenchmen soon con-
quer'd
First the minds of the men, with their fiery lively pro-
ceedings,
Then the hearts of the women, with irresistible graces.
Even the strain of the war, with its many demands,
seem'd but trifling,
For before our eyes the distance by hope was illumined,
Luring our gaze far ahead into paths now first open'd
before us.

“O how joyful the time, when with his bride the glad
bridegroom
Whirls in the dance, awaiting the day that will join
them for ever!

But more glorious far was the time when the Highest of
all things
Which man's mind can conceive, close by and attain-
able seem'd.
Then were the tongues of all loosen'd, and words of wis-
dom and feeling
Not by greybeards alone, but by men and by striplings
were utter'd.

“ But the heavens soon clouded became For the sake
of the mast'ry
Strove a contemptible crew, unfit to accomplish good
actions.
Then they murder'd each other, and took to oppressing
their new-found
Neighbors and brothers, and sent on missions whole
herds of self-seekers;
And the superiors took to carousing and robbing by
wholesale,
And the inferiors down to the lowest caroused and
robb'd also.
Nobody thought of aught else than having enough for
to-morrow.
Terrible was the distress, and daily increased the oppres-
sion.
None the cry understood, that they of the day were the
masters.
Then even temperate minds were attack'd by sorrow
and fury;
Each one reflected, and swore to avenge all the injuries
suffer'd,
And to atone for the bitter loss of hopes twice-defrauded.
Presently Fortune declared herself on the side of the
Germans,
And the French were compell'd to retreat by forced
marches before them.
Ah! the sad fate of the war we then for the first time
experienced.
For the victor is kind and humane, at least he appears so,
And he spares the man he has vanquish'd, as if he his
own were,
When he employs him daily, and with his property
helps him.

But the fugitive knows no law; he wards off death only,
And both quickly and recklessly all that he meets with,
consumes he.

Then his mind becomes heated apace; and soon desperation

Fills his heart, and impels him to all kinds of criminal
actions.

Nothing then holds he respected, he steals it. With
furious longing

On the woman he rushes; his lust becomes awful to
think of.

Death all round him he sees, his last minutes in cruelty
spends he,

Wildly exulting in blood, and exulting in howls and in
anguish.

“Then in the minds of our men arose a terrible yearning
That which was lost to avenge, and that which remain’d
to defend still.

All of them seized upon arms, lured on by the fugitives’
hurry,

By their pale faces, and by their shy, uncertain de-
meanor.

There was heard the sound of alarm-bells unceasingly
ringing,

And the approach of danger restrain’d not their violent
fury.

Soon into weapons were turn’d the implements peace-
ful of tillage,

And with dripping blood the scythe and the pitchfork
were cover’d.

Every foeman without distinction was ruthlessly
slaughter’d,

Fury was ev’rywhere raging, and artful, cowardly
weakness.

May I never again see men in such wretched confusion!
Even the raging wild beast is a better object to gaze on.

Ne’er let them speak of freedom, as if themselves they
could govern!

All the evil which Law has driven far back in the cor-
ner

Seems to escape, as soon as the fetters which bound it
are loosen’d.”

“Excellent man,” replied the pastor, with emphasis speaking:—

“If you’re mistaken in man, ’tis not for me to reprove you.

Evil enough have you suffer’d indeed from his cruel proceedings!

Would you but look back, however, on days so laden with sorrow,

You would yourself confess how much that is good you have witness’d,

Much that is excellent, which remains conceal’d in the bosom

Till by danger ’tis stirr’d, and till necessity makes man

Show himself as an angel, a tutular God unto others.”

Then with a smile replied the worthy old magistrate, saying:—

“Your reminder is wise, like that which they give to the sufferer

Who has had his dwelling burnt down, that under the ruins,

Gold and silver are lying, though melted and cover’d with ashes.

Little, indeed, it may be, and yet that little is precious,

And the poor man digs it up, and rejoices at finding the treasure.

Gladly, therefore, I turn my thoughts to those few worthy actions

Which my memory still is able to dwell on with pleasure.

Yes, I will not deny it, I saw late foeman uniting

So as to save the town from harm; I saw with devotion

Parents, children, and friends impossible actions attempting,

Saw how the youth of a sudden became a man, how the greybeard

Once more was young, how the child as a stripling appear’d in a moment

Aye, and the weaker sex, as people commonly call it, Show’d itself brave and daring, with presence of mind all-unwonted.

Let me now, in the first place, describe a deed of rare merit

By a high-spirited girl accomplish'd, an excellent maiden,

Who, in the great farmhouse remain'd behind with the servants,

When the whole of the men had departed, to fight with the strangers.

Well, there fell on the court a troop of vagabond scoundrels.

Plund'ring and forcing their way inside the rooms of the women.

Soon they cast their eyes on the forms of the grown-up fair maiden,

And of the other dear girls, in age little more than mere children.

Hurried away by raging desire, unfeelingly rush'd they On the trembling band, and on the high-spirited maidens.

But she instantly seized the sword from the side of a ruffian,

Hew'd him down to the ground; at her feet straight fell he, all bleeding.

Then with doughty strokes the maidens she bravely deliver'd,

Wounded four more of the robbers; with life, however, escaped they.

Then she lock'd up the court, and, arm'd still, waited for succor."

When the pastor heard the praise of the maiden thus utter'd,

Feelings of hope for his friend forthwith arose in his bosom,

And he prepared to ask what had been the fate of the damsel,

Whether she, in the sorrowful flight, form'd one of the people?

At this moment, however, the druggist nimbly approach'd them,

Pull'd the sleeve of the pastor, and whisper'd to him as follows:—

“I have at last pick’d out the maiden from many a hundred
By her description! Pray come and judge for yourself
with your own eyes;
Bring the magistrate with you, that we may learn the
whole story.”

So they turn’d themselves round; but the magistrate
found himself summon’d
By his own followers, who had need of his presence and
counsel.

But the pastor forthwith the druggist accompanied, till
they

Came to a gap in the hedge, when the latter pointed
with slyness.

“See you,” exclaim’d he, “the maiden? The child’s
clothes she has been changing.

And I recognize well the old calico—also the cushion-
Cover of blue, which Hermann took in the bundle and
gave her.

Quickly and well, of a truth, she has used the presents
left with her.

These are evident proofs; and all the rest coincide too;
For a bodice red her well-arch’d bosom upraises,
Prettily tied, while black are the stays fitting close
around her.

Then the seams of the ruff she has carefully plaited and
folded,

Which, with modest grace, her chin so round is en-
circling;

Free an joyously rises her head, with its elegant oval,
Strongly round bodkins of silver her back-hair is many
times twisted.

When she is sitting, we plainly see her noble propor-
tions,

And the blue well-plaited gown which begins from close
to her bosom,

And in rich folds descending, her well-turn’d ankles
envelops.

’Tis she, beyond all doubt. So come, that we may ex-
amine

Whether she be both a good and a frugal and virtuous
maiden.”

Then the pastor rejoin'd, the sitting damsel inspecting:—
“That she enchanted the youth, I confess is no matter
of wonder,
For she stands the test of the gaze of a man of experience.
Happy the person to whom Mother Nature the right
face has given!
She recommends him at all times, he never appears as a
stranger,
Each one gladly approaches, and each one beside him
would linger,
If with his face is combined a pleasant and courteous
demeanor.
Yes, I assure you the youth has indeed discover'd a
maiden
Who the whole of the days of his life will enliven with
gladness,
And with her womanly strength assist him at all times
and truly.
Thus a perfect body preserves the soul also in pureness,
And a vigorous youth of a happy old age gives assur-
ance.”

After reflecting a little, the druggist made answer as follows—
“Yet appearances oft are deceitful. I trust not the
outside.
Often, indeed, have I found the truth of the proverb
which tells us:
Ere you share a bushel of salt with a new-found
acquaintance,
Do not trust him too readily; time will make you more
certain
How you and he will get on, and whether your friend-
ship is lasting.
Let us then, in the first place, inquire amongst the good
people
Unto whom the maiden is known, who can tell us
about her.”

“Well, of a truth I commend your prudence,” the pas-
tor continued:—

“Not for ourselves are we wooing! To woo for others
is serious.”

So they started to meet the worthy magistrate,
seeing

How in the course of his business he was ascending the
main street.

And the wise pastor straightway address'd him with
foresight as follows:—

“We, by-the-bye, have just seen a girl in the neighbor-
ing garden

Under an apple-tree sitting, and clothes for the children
preparing,

Made of worn calico which for the purpose was doubt-
less presented.

We were pleasèd by her face; she appears to be one of
the right sort.

Tell us, what know you about her? We ask from a
laudable motive.”

When the magistrate came to the garden and peepd' in,
exclaimed he:—

“Well do I know her, in truth; for when I told you
the story

Of that noble deed which was done by the maiden I
spoke of,

How she seized on the sword, and defended herself, and
the servants,—

She the heroine was! You can see how active her
nature.

But she's as good as she's strong; for her agèd kinsman
she tended

Until the time of his death, for he died overwhelm'd by
affliction

At the distress of his town, and the danger his goods
were exposed to.

Also with mute resignation she bore the grievous afflic-
tion

Of her betroth'd sad death, a noble young man who,
incited

By the first fire of noble thoughts, to struggle for free-
dom,

Went himself to Paris, and soon found a terrible death
there.

For, as at home, so there, he fought 'gainst intrigue and
oppression.”

Thus the magistrate spoke. The others departed and thanked him,
And the pastor produced a gold piece (the silver his purse held
He some hours before had with genuine kindness expended
When he saw the fugitives passing in sorrowful masses.)
And the magistrate handed it, saying:—"Divide it, I pray you,
'Mongst those who need it the most. May God give it prosperous increase."

But the man refused to accept it, and said:—"I assure you,
Many a dollar we've saved, and plenty of clothing and such things,
And I trust we may reach our homes before they are finish'd."

Then continued the pastor, the gold in his hand once more placing:—
"None should delay to give in days like the present, and no one
Ought to refuse to receive what is offer'd with liberal kindness.
No one can tell how long he will keep what in peace he possesses,
No one, how long he is doom'd in foreign countries to wander,
While he's deprived of the field and the garden by which he is nurtured."

"Bravo!" added in turn the druggist, with eagerness speaking:—
Had I but money to spare in my pocket, you surely should have it.
Silver and gold alike; for your followers certainly need it.
Yet I'll not leave you without a present, if only to show you
My good will, and I hope you will take the will for the action."

Thus he spoke and pull'd out by the string, the leather
embroider'd

Pouch, in which he was wont his stock of tobacco to
carry,

Daintily open'd and shared its contents—some two or
three pipes' full.

"Small in truth is the gift," he added. The magistrate
answered:—

"Good tobacco is always a welcome present to
trav'lers."

Then the druggist began his canister to praise very
highly.

But the pastor drew him away, and the magistrate left
them.

"Come, let us hasten!" exclaim'd the sensible man, for
our young friend

Anxiously waits; without further delay let him hear the
good tidings."

So they hasten'd and came, and found that the young
ster was leaning

'Gainst his carriage under the lime-trees. The horses
were pawing

Wildly the turf; he held them in check and stood there
all pensive;

Silently gazing in front, and saw not his friends coming
near him,

Till, as they came, they called him and gave him sig-
nals of triumph.

Some way off the druggist already began to address
him,

But they approach'd the youth still nearer, and then
the good pastor

Seized his hand and spoke and took the word from his
comrade:—

'Friend, I wish you joy! Your eye so true and your
true heart

Rightly have chosen! May you and the wife of your
young days be happy!

She is full worthy of you; so come and turn round the
carriage,

That we may reach without delay the end of the village,
So as to woo her, and shortly escort the dear creature
home with us."

But the youth stood still, and without any token of
pleasure
Heard the words of the envoy, though sounding con-
soling and heav'nly,
Deeply sigh'd and said:—" We came full speed in the
carriage,
And shall probably go back home ashamed and but
slowly;
For, since I have been waiting care has fallen upon me,
Doubt and suspicion and all that a heart full of love is
exposed to.
Do you suppose, we have only to come, for the maiden
to follow,
Just because we are rich, and she poor and wandering
in exile?
Poverty, when undeserved, itself makes proud. The
fair maiden
Seems to be active and frugal; the world she may claim
as her portion.
Do you suppose that a woman of such great beauty
and manners
Can have grown up without exciting love in man's bosom?
Do you suppose that her heart until now has to love
been fast closed?
Do not drive thither in haste for perchance to our shame
and confusion
We shall have slowly to turn towards home the heads
of our horses.
Yes, some youth, I fear me, possesses her heart, and
already
She has doubtless promised her hand and her solemn
troth plighted,
And I shall stand all ashamed before her, when making
my offer."

Then the pastor proceeded to cheer him with words of
good comfort,
But his companion broke in, in his usual talkative man-
ner:—
" As things used to be, this embarrassment would not
have happened,
When each matter was brought to a close in an orthodox
fashion.

Then for their son themselves the bride the parents
selected,
And a friend of the house was secretly call'd in the first
place.
He was then quickly sent as a suitor to visit the
parents
Of the selected bride; and, dress'd in his gayest apparel,
Went after dinner some Sunday to visit the excellent
burgher,
And began by exchanging polite remarks on all subjects,
Cleverly turning and bending the talk in the proper
direction.
After long beating about the bush, he flatter'd the
daughter,
And spoke well of the man and the house that gave his
commission.
Sensible people soon saw his drift, and the sensible
envoy
Watch'd how the notion was taken, and then could
explain himself farther.
If they declined the proposal, why then the refusal cost
nothing,
But if all prosper'd, why then the suitor for ever there-
after
Play'd the first fiddle at every family feast and rejoic-
ing.
For the married couple remember'd the whole of their
lifetime
Whose was the skilful hand by which the marriage knot
tied was.
All this now is chang'd, and with many an excellent
custom
Has gone quite out of fashion. Each person woos for
himself now.
Everyone now must bear the weight of a maiden's
refusal
On his own shoulders, and stand all ashamed before
her, if needs be."

'Let that be as it may,' then answered the young man
who scarcely
Heard what was said, and his mind had made up already
in silence:—

“ I will go myself, and out of the mouth of the maiden
Learn my own fate, for towards her I cherish the most
trustful feelings
That any man ever cherish'd towards any woman
whatever.
That which she says will be good and sensible,—this I
am sure of.
If I am never to see her again, I must once more behold
her,
And the ingenious gaze of her black eyes must meet for
the last time.
If to my heart I may clasp her never, her bosom and
shoulders
I would once more see, which my arm so longs to
encircle;
Once more the mouth I would see, from which one kiss
and a Yes will
Make me happy for ever, a No for ever undo me.
But now leave me alone! Wait here no longer. Return
you
Straight to my father and mother, in order to tell them
in person
That their son was right, and that the maiden is
worthy.
And so leave me alone! I myself shall return by the
footpath
Over the hill by the pear-tree and then descend through
the vineyard,
Which is the shortest way back. Oh may I soon with
rejoicing
Take the beloved one home! But perchance all alone I
must slink back
By that path to our house and tread it no more with a
light heart.”
Thus he spoke, and then placed the reins in the hands
of the pastor,
Who, in a knowing way both the foaming horses
restraining,
Nimble mounted the carriage, and took the seat of the
driver.

But you still delay'd, good cautious neighbor, and spoke
thus:—

“Friend, I will gladly entrust to you soul, and spirit,
and mind too,
But my body and bones are not preserved in the best
way
When the hand of a parson such worldly matters as
reins grasps!”

But you smiled in return, you sensible pastor, replying:—

“Pray jump in, nor fear with both body and spirit to
trust me,
For this hand to hold the reins has long been accus-
tom’d,
And these eyes are train’d to turn the corner with pru-
dence.
For we were wont to drive the carriage, when living at
Strasburg,
At the time when with the young baron I went there,
for daily,
Driven by me, through the echoing gateway thunder’d
the carriage
By the dusty roads to distant meadows and lindens,
Through the crowds of the people who spend their life-
time in walking.”

Partially comforted, then his neighbor mounted the
carriage,
Sitting like one prepared to make a wise jump, if needs
be,
And the stallions, eager to reach their stables, coursed
homewards,
While beneath their powerful hoofs the dust rose in
thick clouds.
Long there stood the youth, and saw the dust rise be-
fore him,
Saw the dust disperse; but still he stood there, unthink-
ing.

VII. ERATO.

DOROTHEA

As the man on a journey, who, just at the moment of
sunset,
Fixes his gaze once more on the rapidly vanishing planet,
Then on the side of the rocks and in the dark thicket
still sees he
Hov'ring its image; wherever he turns his looks, on in
front still
Runs it, and glitters and wavers before him in colors
all splendid,
So before Hermann's eyes did the beautiful form of the
maiden
Softly move, and appear'd to follow the path through
the cornfields.
But he roused himself up from his startling dream,
and then slowly
Turn'd tow'rd the village his steps, and once more
started,—for once more
Saw he the noble maiden's stately figure approaching.
Fixedly gazed he; it was no phantom in truth; she her-
self 'twas.
In her hands by the handle she carried two pitchers,—
one larger
One of a smaller size, and nimbly walk'd to the foun-
tain.
And he joyfully went to meet her; the sight of her
gave him
Courage and strength, and so he address'd the surprised
one as follows:—
“Do I find you again, brave maiden, engaged in assist-
ing
Others so soon, and in giving refreshment to those who
may need it?
Tell me why you have come all alone to the spring so
far distant,

Whilst the rest are content with the water that's
found in the village?
This one, indeed, special virtue possesses, and pleasant
to drink is.
Is't for the sake of that sick one you come, whom you
saved with such courage?"

Then the good maiden the youth in friendly fashion
saluted,
Saying:—"Already my walk to the fountain is fully
rewarded,
Since I have found the kind person who gave us so
many good presents;
For the sight of a giver, like that of a gift, is re-
freshing.
Come and see for yourself the persons who tasted your
kindness,
And receive the tranquil thanks of all you have aided.
But that you may know why I have come here,
Water to draw at a spot where the spring is both pure
and unceasing,
I must inform you that thoughtless men have disturb'd
all the water
Found in the village, by carelessly letting the horses
and oxen
Wade about in the spring which give the inhabitants
water.
In the same manner, with all their washing and clean-
ing they've dirtied
All the troughs of the village, and all the fountains
have sullied.
For each one of them only thinks how quickly and soon
he
May supply his own wants, and cares not for those who
come after."

Thus she spoke, and soon she arrived at the foot of the
broad steps
With her companion, and both of them sat themselves
down on the low wall
Round the spring. She bent herself over, to draw out
the water,
He the other pitcher took up, and bent himself over,

And in the blue of the heavens they saw their figures reflected,

Waving and nodding, and in the mirror their greetings exchanging.

“Now let me drink,” exclaimed the youth in accents of gladness,

And she gave him the pitcher. They then, like old friends, sat together,

Leaning against the vessels, when she addressed him as follows:—

“Say, why find I you here without your carriage and horses,

Far from the place where first I saw you. Pray how came you hither?”

Hermann thoughtfully gazed on the ground, but presently lifted

Calmly towards her his glances, and gazed on her face in kind fashion,

Feeling quite calm and composed. And yet with love to address her

Found he quite out of the question: for love from her eyes was not beaming,

But an intellect clear, which bade him use sensible language.

Soon he collected his thoughts, and quietly said to the maiden:—

“Let me speak, my child, and let me answer your questions.

’Tis for your sake alone I have come,—why seek to conceal it?

For I happily live with two affectionate parents,

Whom I faithfully help to look after our house and possessions,

Being an only son, while numerous are our employments. I look after the field-work; the house is carefully managed

By my father; my mother the hostelry cheers and enlivens.

But you also have doubtless found out how greatly the servants,

Sometimes by fraud, and sometimes by levity, worry their mistress,

Constantly making her change them, and barter one fault for another.
Long has my mother, therefore, been wanting a girl in the household,
Who, not only with hand, but also with heart might assist her,
In the place of the daughter she lost, alas, prematurely.
Now when I saw you to-day near the carriage, so active and sprightly,
Saw the strength of your arm and the perfect health of your members,
When I heard your sensible words, I was struck with amazement,
And I hasten'd back home, deservedly praising the stranger
Both to my parents and friends. And now I come to inform you
What they desire, as I do. Forgive my stammering language!"

"Do not hesitate," said she, "to tell me the rest of your story;
I have with gratitude felt that you have not sought to insult me.
Speak on boldly, I pray; your words shall never alarm me;
You would fain hire me now as maid to your father and mother,
To look after the house, which is now in excellent order.
And you think that in me you have found a qualified maiden,
One that is able to work, and not of a quarrelsome nature.
Your proposal was short, and short shall my answer be also:—
Yes! with you I will go, and the voice of my destiny follow.
I have fulfill'd my duty, and brought the lying-in woman
Back to her friends again, who all rejoice at her rescue.
Most of them now are together, the rest will presently join them.

All expect that they, in a few short days, will be able
Homewards to go; 'tis thus that exiles themselves love to
flatter.

But I cannot deceive myself with hopes so delusive
In these sad days which promise still sadder days in the
future;

For all the bonds of the world are loosen'd, and nought
can rejoice them,

Save that supreme necessity over our future impending.
If in the house of so worthy a man I can earn my own
• living,

Serving under the eye of his excellent wife, I will do so;
For a wandering girl bears not the best reputation.

Yes! with you I will go, as soon as I've taken the
pitcher

Back to my friends, and received the blessing of those
worthy people.

Come! you needs must see them, and from their hands
shall receive me."

Joyfully heard the youth the willing maiden's decision,
Doubting whether he now had not better tell her the
whole truth:

But it appear'd to him best to let her remain in her
error,

First to take her home, and then for her love to entreat
her,

Ah! but now he espied a golden ring on her finger,
And so let her speak, while he attentively listened:—

"Let us now return," she continued, "the custom is
always

To admonish the maidens who tarry too long at the
fountain,

Yet how delightful it is by the fast-flowing water to
chatter."

Then they both arose, and once more directed their
glances

Into the fountain, and then a blissful longing came o'er
them.

So from the ground by the handles she silently lifted the
pitchers,

Mounted the steps of the well, and Hermann follow'd
the loved one.

One of the pitchers he ask'd her to give him, thus shar-
ing the burden.

"Leave it," she said, "the weight feels less when thus
they are balanced;

And the master I've so soon to obey, should not be my
servant.

Gaze not so earnestly at me, as if my fate were still
doubtful!

Women should learn betimes to serve, according to
station,

For by serving alone she attains at last to the mast'ry,
To the due influence which she ought to possess in the
household.

Early the sister must learn to serve her brothers and
parents,

And her life is ever a ceaseless going and coming,

Or a lifting and carrying, working and doing for others.

Well for her, if she finds no manner of life too offensive,
And if to her the hours of night and day all the same
are,

So that her work never seems too mean, her needle too
pointed,

So that she forgets, and liveth only for others!

For as a mother in truth she needs the whole of her
virtues,

When the suckling awakens the sick one, and nourish-
ment calls for

From the exhausted parent, heaping cares upon suf-
f'ring.

Twenty men together could not endure such a burden,
And they ought not,—and yet they gratefully ought to
behold it."

Thus she spoke, and with her silent companion ad-
vanced she

Through the garden, until the floor of the granary
reach'd they,

Where the sick woman lay, whom she left by her
daughters attended,

Those dear rescued maidens, the types of innocent
beauty.

Both then enter'd the room, and from the other direction
Holding a child in each hand, her friend, the magistrate,
enter'd.

These had lately been lost for some time by the sor-
rowing mother,

But the old man had now found them out in the crowd
of the people.

And they sprang in with joy, to greet their dearly-loved
mother,

To rejoice in a brother, the playmate now seen for the
first time!

Then on Dorothea they sprang, and greeted her warmly,
Asking for bread and fruit, but asking for drink before
all things.

And they handed the water all round. The children
first drank some,

Then the sick woman drank, with her daughters, the
magistrate also.

All were refresh'd, and sounded the praise of the excel-
lent water;

Mineral was it, and very reviving, and wholesome for
drinking.

Then with a serious look continued the maiden, and
spoke thus:—

“Friends, to your mouths for the last time in truth I
have lifted the pitcher,

And for the last time, alas, have moisten'd your lips
with pure water.

But whenever in scorching heat your drink may refresh
you,

And in the shade you enjoy repose and a fountain
unsullied,

Then remember me, and all my friendly assistance,
Which I from love, and not from relationship merely
have render'd.

All your kindness to me, as long as life lasts, I'll remem-
ber.

I unwillingly leave you; but each one is now to each
other

Rather a burden than comfort. We all must shortly be
scatter'd

Over a foreign land, unless to return we are able.

See, here stands the youth to whom for these gifts we're
indebted,
All those clothes for the child, and all those acceptable
viands.
Well, he has come, and is anxious that I to his house
should go with him,
There as a servant to act to his rich and excellent
parents,
And I have not refused him, for serving appears my
vocation,
And to be served by others at home would seem like a
burden.
So I'll go willingly with him; the youth appears to be
prudent,
Thus will his parents be properly cared for, as rich peo-
ple should be.
Therefore, now, farewell, my much-beloved friend, and
be joyful
In the living infant, who looks so healthy at you.
When you press him against your bosom, wrapp'd in
those color'd
Swaddling-clothes, then remember the youth who so
kindly bestow'd them,
And who in future will feed and clothe me also, your
loved friend.
You too, excellent man," to the magistrate turning,
she added:—
" Warmly I thank for so often acting the part of a
father."

Then she knelt herself down before the lying-in patient,
Kiss'd the weeping woman, her whisper'd blessing
receiving.
Meanwhile the worthy magistrate spoke to Hermann as
follows:—
" You deserve, my friend, to be counted amongst the
good landlords
Who are anxious to manage their house through quali-
fied people.
For I have often observed how cautiously men are
accustom'd
Sheep and cattle and horses to watch, when buying or
bart'ring;

But a man, who's so useful, provided he's good and efficient,
And who does so much harm and mischief by treacherous dealings,
Him will people admit to their houses by a chance and hap-hazard,
And too late find reason to rue an o'erhasty decision.
This you appear to understand, for a girl you have chosen
As your servant, and that of your parents, who thoroughly good is.
Treat her well, and as long as she finds the business suit her,
You will not miss your sister, your parents will miss not their daughter."

Other persons now enter'd, the patient's nearest relations,
Many articles bringing, and better lodgings announcing.
All were inform'd of the maiden's decision, and warmly bless'd Hermann,
Both with significant looks, and also with grateful expressions,
And one secretly whisper'd into the ear of another:—
"If the master should turn to a bridegroom, her home is provided."
Hermann then presently took her hand, and address'd her as follows:—
"Let us be going; the day is declining, and far off the village."
Then the women, with lively expressions, embraced Dorothea;
Hermann drew her away; they still continued to greet her.
Next the children, with screams and terrible crying attack'd her,
Pulling at her clothes, their second mother refusing to part from.
But first one of the women, and then another rebuked them:—
"Children, hush! to the town she is going, intending to bring you
Plenty of gingerbread back, which your brother already had order'd,

From the confectioner, when the stork was passing
there lately,
And she'll soon return, with the papers prettily gilded."
So at length the children released her; but scarcely
could Hermann
Tear her from their embraces and distant-signalling
kerchiefs.

VIII. MELPOMENE.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

So tow'rd the sun, now fast sinking to rest, the two
walk'd together,
Whilst he veil'd himself deep in clouds which thunder
portended.
Out of his veil now here, now there, with fiery glances
Beaming over the plain with rays foreboding and lurid.
"May this threatening weather," said Hermann, "not
bring to us shortly
Hail and violent rain, for well does the harvest now
promise."
And they both rejoiced in the corn so lofty and waving,
Well nigh reaching the heads of the two tall figures that
walk'd there.
Then the maiden spoke to her friendly leader as follows:—
"Generous youth, to whom I shall owe a kind destiny
shortly,
Shelter and home, when so many poor exiles must
weather the tempest,
In the first place tell me all about your good parents,
Whom I intend to serve with all my soul from hence-
forward;
Knowing one's master, 'tis easier far to give satisfac-
tion,
By rememb'ring the things which he deems of the
highest importance,
And on which he has set his heart with the greatest
decision.

Tell me then, how best I can win your father and mother."

Then the good and sensible youth made answer as follows:—

"You are indeed quite right, my kind and excellent maiden,

To begin by asking about the tastes of my parents!
For I have hitherto striven in vain to satisfy Father,
When I look'd after the inn, as well as my regular duty,
Working early and late in the field, and tending the vineyard.

Mother indeed was contented; she knew how to value my efforts;

And she will certainly hold you to be an excellent maiden,

If you take care of the house, as though the dwelling your own were.

But my father's unlike her; he's fond of outward appearance.

Gentle maiden, deem me not cold and void of all feeling,

If I disclose my father's nature to you, who're a stranger.

Yes, such words have never before escaped, I assure you,

Out of my mouth, which is little accusom'd to babble and chatter;

But you have managed to worm all my secrets from out of my bosom.

Well, my worthy father the graces of life holds in honor,
Wishes for outward signs of love as well as of rev'rence,
And would doubtless be satisfied with an inferior servant

Who understood this fancy, and hate a better, who did not."

Cheerfully she replied, with gentle movement increasing
Through the darkening path the speed at which she was walking:—

"I in truth shall hope to satisfy both of your parents,
For your mother's character my own nature resembles,

And to external graces have I from my youth been
accustom'd.
Our old neighbors, the French, in their earlier days
laid much stress on
Courteous demeanor; 'twas common alike to nobles and
burghers,
And to peasants, and each enjoin'd it on all his
acquaintance.
In the same way, on the side of the Germans, the chil-
dren were train'd up
Every morning, with plenty of kissing of hands and of
curtsies,
To salute their parents, and always to act with polite-
ness.
All that I have learnt, and all I have practised since
childhood,
All that comes from my heart,—I will practise it all
with the old man.
But on what terms shall I—I scarcely dare ask such a
question,—
Be with yourself, the only son, and hereafter my mas-
ter?"

Thus she spoke, and at that moment they came to the
pear-tree
Down from the skies the moon at her full was shining
in glory;
Night had arrived, and the last pale gleam of the sunset
had vanish'd.
So before them were lying, in masses all heap'd up to-
gether
Lights as clear as the day, and shadows of night and of
darkness.
And the friendly question was heard by Hermann with
pleasure,
Under the shade of the noble tree at the spot which he
loved so,
Which that day had witness'd his tears at the fate of
the exile.
And whilst they sat themselves down, to take a little
repose there,
Thus the loving youth spoke, whilst he seized the hand
of the maiden:—

"Let your heart give the answer, and always obey what it tells you!"

But he ventured to say no more, however propitious Was the moment; he fear'd that a No would be her sole answer,

Ah! and he, felt the ring on her finger, that sorrowful token.

So by the side of each other they quietly sat and in silence, But the maiden began to speak, and said, "How delightful

Is the light of the moon! The clearness of day it resembles.

Yonder I see in the town the houses and courtyards quite plainly,

In the gable a window; methinks all the panes I can reckon."

"That which you see," replied the youth, who spoke with an effort,

"That is our house down to which I now am about to conduct you,

And that window yonder belongs to my room in the attic,

Which will probably soon be yours, as we're making great changes.

All these fields are ours, and ripe for the harvest to-morrow;

Here in the shade we are wont to rest, enjoying our meal-time.

But let us now descend across the vineyard and garden, For observe how the threatening storm is hitherward rolling,

Lightening first, and then eclipsing the beautiful full moon."

So the pair arose, and wander'd down by the cornfield, Through the powerful corn, in the nightly clearness rejoicing;

And they reach'd the vineyard, and through its dark shadows proceeded.

So he guided her down the numerous tiers of the flat stones

Which, in an unhewn state, served as steps to the walk through the foliage.

Slowly she descended, and placed her hands on his shoulders;
And, with a quivering light, the moon through the foliage o'erlook'd them,
Till by storm-clouds envelop'd, she left the couple in darkness.
Then the strong youth supported the maiden, who on him was leaning;
She, however, not knowing the path, or observing the rough steps,
Slipp'd as she walk'd, her foot gave way, and she well nigh was falling.
Hastily held out his arm the youth with nimbleness thoughtful,
And held up his beloved one; she gently sank on his shoulder,
Breast was press'd against breast, and cheek against cheek, and so stood he
Fix'd like a marble statue, restrain'd by a firm resolution;
He embraced her no closer, though all her weight he supported;
So he felt his noble burden, the warmth of her bosom,
And her balmy breath, against his warm lips exhaling,
Bearing with manly feelings the woman's heroical greatness.

But she conceal'd the pain which she felt, and jestingly spoke thus:—

“ It betokens misfortune,—so scrupulous people inform us,—

For the foot to give way on entering a house, near the threshold.

I should have wish'd, in truth, for a sign of some happier omen!

Let us tarry a little, for fear your parents should blame you,

For their limping servant, and you should be thought a bad landlord.”

IX. URANIA.

CONCLUSION.

O YE Muses, who gladly favor a love that is heartfelt,
Who on his way the excellent youth have hitherto
 guided,
Who have press'd the maid to his bosom before their
 betrothal,
Help still further to perfect the bonds of a couple so
 loving,
Drive away the clouds which over their happiness hover!
But begin by saying what now in the house has been
 passing.

For the third time the mother impatiently enter'd the
 chamber
Where the men were sitting, which she had anxiously
 quitted,
Speaking of the approaching storm, and the loss of the
 moon's light,
Then of her son's long absence, and all the perils that
 night brings.
Strongly she censured their friends for having so soon
 left the youngster,
For not even addressing the maiden, or seeking to woo
 her.
"Make the worst of the mischief," the father peevishly
 answer'd;
"For you see we are waiting ourselves, expecting the
 issue."

But the neighbor sat still, and calmly address'd them as
 follows:—

"In uneasy moments like these, I always feel grateful
To my late father, who when I was young all seeds of
 impatience
In my mind uprooted, and left no fragment remaining,

And I learnt how to wait, as well as the best of the wise men."

"Tell us what legerdemain he employ'd," the pastor made answer.

"I will gladly inform you, and each one may gain by the lesson,"

Answer'd the neighbor. "When I was a boy, I was standing one Sunday

In a state of impatience, eagerly waiting the carriage Which was to carry us out to the fountain under the lime-trees;

But it came not; I ran like a weasel, now hither, now thither,

Up and down the stairs, and from the door to the window;

Both my hands were prickling, I scratch'd away at the tables,

Stamping and trotting about, and scarcely refrain'd I from crying.

All this the calm man composedly saw; but finally when I

Carried my folly too far, by the arm he quietly took me, Led me up to the window, and used this significant language:—

'See you up yonder the joiner's workshop, now closed for the Sunday?

'Twill be reopen'd to-morrow, and plane and saw will be working.

Thus will the busy hours be pass'd from morning till evening.

But remember this: the morning will soon be arriving, When the master, together with all his men, will be busy In preparing and finishing quicky and deftly our coffin, And they will carefully bring over here that house made of boards, which

Will at length receive the patient as well as impatient, And which is destined to carry a roof that's unpleasantly heavy.'

All that he mention'd I forthwith saw taking place in my mind's eye,

Saw the boards join'd together, and saw the black cover made ready,—

Patiently then I sat, and meekly awaited the carriage.

And I always think of the coffin when ever I see men
Running about in a state of doubtful and wild expectation."

Smilingly answer'd the pastor:—"Death's stirring
image is neither

Unto the wise a cause of alarm—or an end to the
pious.

Back into life it urges the former and teaches him
action

And for the weal of the latter it strengthens his hope in
affliction.

Death is a giver of life unto both. Your father did
wrongly

When to the sensitive boy he pointed out death in its
own form.

Unto the youth should be shown the worth of a noble
and ripen'd

Age, and unto the old man, youth, that both may rejoice
in

The eternal circle, and life may in life be made perfect!"

Here the door was open'd. The handsome couple ap-
peared there,

And the friends were amazed, the loving parents aston-
ished

At the form of the bride, the form of the bridegroom
resembling.

Yes! the door appear'd too small to admit the tall fig-
ures

Which now cross'd the threshold in company walking
together.

To his parents Hermann presented her hastily saying:—
"Here is a maiden just of the sort you are wishing to
have here.

Welcome her kindly, dear Father! she fully deserves it,
and you too,

Mother dear, ask her questions as to her housekeeping
knowledge,

That you may see how well she deserves to form one
of our party,"

Then he hastily took on one side the excellent pastor,

Saying:—"Kind sir, I entreat you to help me out of
this trouble
Quickly, and loosen the knot, whose unraveling I am
so dreading;
For I have not ventured to woo as my bride the fair
maiden,
But she believes she's to be a maid in the house, and I
fear me
She will in anger depart, as soon as we talk about mar-
riage.
But it must be decided at once! no longer in error
Shall she remain, and I no longer this doubt can put up
with.
Hasten and once more exhibit that wisdom we all hold
in honor."

So the pastor forthwith turn'd round to the rest of
the party,
But the maiden's soul was, unhappily, troubled already
By the talk of the father, who had just address'd her as
follows,
Speaking good humor'dly, and in accents pleasant and
lively:—
"Yes I'm well satisfied, child! I joyfully see that my
son has
Just as good taste as his father, who in his younger
days show'd it,
Always leading the fairest one out in the dance, and
then lastly
Taking the fairest one home as his wife—'twas your
dear little mother!
For by the bride whom a man selects, we may easily
gather
What kind of spirit his is, and whether he knows his
his own value.
But you will surely need but a short time to form your
decision,
For verily I think he will find it full easy to follow."

Hermann but partially heard the words; the whole of
his members
Inwardly quiver'd, and all the circle was suddenly
silent.

But the excellent maiden, by words of such irony
wounded,
(As she esteem'd them to be) and deeply distress'd in
her spirit,
Stood, while a passing flush from her cheeks as far as
her neck was
Spreading, but she restrained herself, and collected her
thoughts soon;
Then to the old man she said, not fully concealing her
sorrow:—
“Truly I was not prepared by your son for such a re-
ception,
When he described his father's nature,—that excellent
burgher,
And I know I am standing before you, a person of
culture,
Who behaves himself wisely to all, in a suitable manner.
But it would seem that you feel not pity enough for
the poor thing
Who has just cross'd your threshold, prepared to enter
your service;
Else you would not seek to point out, with ridicule
bitter,
How far removed my lot from your son's and that of
yourself is.
True, with a little bundle, and poor, I have enter'd
your dwelling,
Which it is the owner's delight to furnish with all
things.
But I know myself well, and feel the whole situa-
tion.
Is it generous thus to greet me with language so
jeering,
Which has well nigh expell'd me the house, when just
on the threshold?”

Hermann uneasily moved about, and sign'd to the
pastor
To interpose without delay, and clear up the error.
Quickly the wise man advanced to the spot, and wit-
ness'd the maiden's
Silent vexation and tearful eyes and scarce-restrain'd
sorrow.

Then his spirit advised him to solve not at once the
confusion,
But, on the contrary, prove the excited mind of the
maiden.
So, in words framed to try her, the pastor address'd
her as follows:—
“Surely, my foreign maiden, you did not fully con-
sider,
When you made up your mind to serve a stranger so
quickly,
What it really is to enter the house of a master;
For a shake of the hand decides your fate for a twelve-
month,
And a single word Yes to much endurance will bind you.
But the worst part of the service is not the wearisome
habits,
Nor the bitter toil of the work, which seems never-
ending;
For the active freeman works hard as well as the serv-
ant.
But to suffer the whims of the master, who blames you
unjustly,
Or who calls for this and for that, not knowing his
own mind,
And the mistress's violence, always so easily kindled,
With the children's rough and supercilious bad man-
ners,—
This is indeed hard to bear, whilst still fulfilling your
duties
Promptly and actively, never becoming morose or ill-
natured;
Yet for such work you appear little fit, for already the
father's
Jokes have offended you deeply; yet nothing more
commonly happens
Than to tease a maiden about her liking a youngster.”
Thus he spoke, and the maiden felt the weight of his
language,
And no more restrain'd herself; mightily all her emo-
tions
Show'd themselves, her bosom heaved, and a deep sigh
escaped her,

And whilst shedding burning tears, she answer'd as follows:—

“Ne’er does the clever man, who seeks to advise us in sorrow,

Think how little his chilling words our hearts can deliver

From the pangs which an unseen destiny fastens upon us.

You are happy and merry. How then should a jest ever wound you?

But the slightest touch gives torture to those who are suff’ring.

Even dissimulation would nothing avail me at present.

Let me at once disclose what later would deepen my sorrow,

And consign me perchance to agony mute and consuming.

Let me depart forthwith! No more in this house dare I linger;

I must hence and away, and look once more for my poor friends

Whom I left in distress, when seeking to better my fortunes.

This is my firm resolve; and now I may properly tell you

That which had else been buried for many a year in my bosom.

Yes, the father’s jest has wounded me deeply, I own it,

Not that I am proud and touchy, as ill becometh a servant,

But because in truth in my heart a feeling has risen

For the youth, who to-day has fill’d the part of my savior.

For when first in the road he left me, his image remain’d still

Firmly fixed in my mind; and I thought of the fortunate maiden

Whom, as his betroth’d one, he cherish’d perchance in his bosom.

And when I found him again at the well, the sight of him charm’d me

Just as if I had seen an angel descending from heaven.

And I follow'd him willingly, when as a servant he
sought me,

But by my heart in truth I was flatter'd (I need must
confess it),

As I hitherward came, that I might possibly win him.
If I became in the house an indispensable pillar.

But, alas, I now see the dangers I well nigh fell into,
When I bethought me of living so near a silently-loved
one.

Now for the first time I feel how far removed a poor
maiden

Is from a richer youth, however clever she may be.

I have told you all this, that you my heart may mis-
take not,

Which an event that in thought I foreshadow has
wounded already.

For I must have expected, my secret wishes concealing,
That, ere much time had elapsed, I should see him
bringing his bride home.

And how then could I have endured my hidden afflic-
tion!

Happily I am warned in time, and out of my bosom
Hast my secret escaped, whilst curable still is the evil.
But no more of the subject! I now must tarry no
longer

In this house, where I now am standing in pain and
confusion,

All my foolish hopes and my feelings freely confessing.
Not the night which, with sinking clouds, is spreading
around us,

Not the rolling thunder (I hear it already) shall stop
me,

Not the falling rain, which outside is descending in
torrents,

Not the blustering storm. All this I had to encounter
In that sorrowful flight, while the enemy followed be-
hind us.

And once more I go on my way, as long as I have been
wont to,

Seized by the whirlpool of time, and parted from all
I care for.

So farewell! I'll tarry no longer. My fate is accom-
plish'd!"

Thus she spoke, and towards the door she hastily
turn'd her,
Holding under her arm the bundle she brought when
arriving,
But the mother seized by both of her arms the fair
maiden.
Clasping her round the body, and cried with surprise
and amazement:—
“ Say, what signifies this? These fruitless tears, what
denote they?
No, I'll not leave you alone! You're surely my dear
son's betroth'd one!”

But the father stood still, and show'd a great deal of
reluctance,
Stared at the weeping girl, and peevishly spoke then as
follows:—
“ This, then, is all the indulgence my friends are will-
ing to give me,
That at the close of the day the most unpleasant thing
happens!
For there is nothing I hate so much as the tears of a
woman,
And their passionate cries, set up with such heat and
excitement,
Which a little plain sense would show to be utterly
needless.
Truly, I find the sight of these whimsical doings a
nuisance.
Matters must shift for themselves; as for me, I think it
is bed-time.”
So he quickly turn'd round, and hasten'd to go to the
chamber
Where the marriage-bed stood, in which he slept for
the most part.
But his son held him back, and spake in words of en-
treaty:—

“ Father, don't go in a hurry, and don't be annoy'd
with the maiden!
I alone have to bear the blame of all this confusion,
Which our friend has increased by his unexpected dis-
sembling.

Speak then, honor'd Sir! for to you the affair I confided;
Heap not up pain and annoyance, but rather complete
the whole matter;
For I surely in future should not respect you so highly.
If you play practical jokes, instead of displaying true
wisdom."

Thereupon the worthy pastor smilingly answer'd:—
"What kind of wisdom could have extracted the charm-
ing confession
Of this good maiden, and so have revealed all her char-
acter to us?
Is not your care converted at once to pleasure and
rapture?
Speak out, then, for yourself! Why need explanations
from others?"

Hermann then stepp'd forward, and gently address'd
her as follows:—

"Do not repent of your tears, nor yet of your passing
affliction;
For they perfect my happiness; yours too, I fain would
consider.
I came not to the fountain, to hire so noble a maiden
As a servant, I came to seek to win your affections.
But, alas! my timid gaze had not strength to discover
Your heart's leanings; it saw in your eye but a friendly
expression,
When you greeted it out of the tranquil fountain's
bright mirror.
Merely to bring you home, made half of my happiness
certain;
But you now make it complete! May every blessing be
yours, then!"

Then the maiden look'd on the youth with heartfelt
emotion,
And avoided not kiss or embrace, the summit of
rapture,
When they also are to the loving, the long wish'd-for
pledges
Of approaching bliss in a life which now seems to them
endless.

Then the pastor told the others the whole of the story;
But the maiden came, and gracefully bent o'er the
father,
Kissing the while his hand, which he to draw back at-
tempted.
And she said:—"I am sure that you will forgive the
surprised one,
First for her tears of sorrow, and then for her tears of
true rapture.
O forgive the emotions by which they both have been
prompted,
And let me fully enjoy the bliss that has now been
vouchsafed me!
Let the first vexation, which my confusion gave rise to,
Also be the last! The loving service which lately,
Was by the servant promised, shall now by the daughter
be render'd."
And the father, his tears concealing, straightway em-
braced her;
Lovingly came the mother in turn, and heartily kiss'd
her,
Warmly shaking her hand; and silently wept they to-
gether.

Then in a hasty manner, the good and sensible pastor
Seized the hand of the father, his wedding-ring off from
his finger
Drawing (not easily though; so plump was the member
that held it);
Then he took the mother's ring, and betroth'd the two
children,
Saying:—"Once more may it be these golden hoops'
destination
Firmly to fasten a bond altogether resembling the old
one!
For this youth is deeply imbued with love for the
maiden,
And the maiden confesses that she for the youth has a
liking.
Therefore I now betroth you, and wish you all bless-
ings hereafter,
With the parents' consent, and with our friend here as
a witness."

And the neighbor bent forward, and added his own
benediction;
But when the clergyman placed the gold ring on the
hand of the maiden,
He with astonishment saw the one which already was
on it,
And which Hermann before at the fountain had anx-
iously noticed.
Whereupon he spoke in words at once friendly and
jesting:—
“What! You are twice engaging yourself? I hope
that the first one
May not appear at the altar, unkindly forbidding the
banns there!”

But she said in reply:—“O let me but devote one mo-
ment
To this mournful rememb’rance! For well did the
good youth deserve it,
Who, when departing, presented the ring, but never re-
turn’d home.
All was by him foreseen, when freedom’s love of a
sudden,
And a desire to play his part in the new-found Exist-
ence,
Drove him to go to Paris, where prison and death were
his portion.
‘Farewell,’ said he, ‘I go; for all things on earth are
in motion
At this moment, and all things appear in a state of dis-
union.
Fundamental laws in the steadiest countries are loosen’d,
And possessions are parted from those who used to pos-
sess them,
Friends are parted from friends, and love is parted
from love too.
I now leave you here, and whether I shall ever see you
Here again,—who can tell? Perchance these words
will our last be.
Man is a stranger here upon earth, the proverb informs
us;
Every person has now become more a stranger than
ever.

Ours the soil is no longer; our treasures are fast flying
from us;

All the sacred old vessels of gold and silver are melted,
All is moving, as though the old-fashion'd world would
roll backwards

Into chaos and night, in order anew to be fashion'd.
You of my heart have possession, and if we shall ever
hereafter

Meet again over the wreck of the world, it will be as
new creatures,

All remodell'd and free and independent of fortune;
For what fetters can bind down those who survive
such a period!

But if we are destined not to escape from these dangers,
If we are never again to embrace each other with rapture,
O then fondly keep in your thoughts my hovering image,
That you may be prepared with like courage for good
and evil fortune!

If a new home or a new alliance should chance to allure
you,

Then enjoy with thanks whatever your destiny offers,
Purely loving the loving, and grateful to him who thus
loves you.

But remember always to tread with a circumspect foot-
step,

For the fresh pangs of a second loss will behind you be
lurking.

Deem each day as sacred; but value not life any higher
Than any other possession, for all possessions are fleeting.'
Thus he spoke; and the noble youth and I parted for-
ever:

Meanwhile I ev'rything lost, and a thousand times
thought of his warning,

Once more I think of his words, now that love is
sweetly preparing

Happiness for me anew, and the brightest of hopes is
unfolding.

Pardon me, dearest friend, for trembling e'en at the
moment

When I am clasping your arm! For thus, on first
landing, the sailor

Fancies that even the solid ground is shaking beneath
him."

Thus she spoke, and she placed the rings by the side of each other.

But the bridegroom answer'd, with noble and manly emotion:—

“ All the firmer, amidst the universal disruption,
Be, Dorothea, our union! We'll show ourselves bold
and enduring,

Firmly hold our own, and firmly retain our possessions.
For the man who in wav'ring times is inclined to be
wav'ring

Only increases the evil, and spreads it wider and wider;
But the man of firm decision the universe fashions.

'Tis not becoming the Germans to further this fearful
commotion,

And in addition to waver uncertainly hither and
thither.

‘ This is our own!’ we ought to say, and so to main-
tain it!

For the world will ever applaud those resolute nations
Who for God and the Law, their wives, and parents,
and children

Struggle, and fall when contending against the foeman
together.

You are mine; and now what is mine, is mine more
than ever.

Not with anxiety will I preserve it, or timidly use it,
But with courage and strength. And if the enemy
threaten

Now or hereafter, I'll hold myself ready, and reach
down my weapons.

If I know that the house and my parents by you are
protected,

I shall expose my breast to the enemy, void of all
terror;

And if all others thought thus, then might against
might should be measured,

And in the early prospect of peace we should all be re-
joicing.”

THE END.

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